

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1897.

HOW THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH SAVED INDIA.

IN some interesting letters lately published in THE STANDARD on the subject of disaffection in India, it has been represented that the telegraph and the sub-marine cable are the curse of modern India so far as the administration of the country is concerned; the writers meaning to convey that the close control, which is now exercised from the head-quarters of the Government over executive officers, tends to cramp that promptness and freedom of action so necessary in dealing with sudden emergencies, either within or beyond our Indian borders. Inasmuch as it is contrary to human nature to accept responsibility when, by obtaining orders from superior authority, it is unnecessary to do so, this is, no doubt, true to a very great extent. When the dogs of war are assembled, as they are at the present moment, for one of the numerous frontier expeditions so frequently forced upon the nation, they are never entirely let loose; the leash that holds them is the telegraph-wire, terminating in the controlling hands of the Viceroy or Secretary of State. Although this system of centralisation has possible drawbacks in that it may lead to indecision, hesitation, and delay, qualities very likely to be mistaken by uneducated people for weakness, on the other hand, it has the advantage of controlling and restraining impetuosity which might easily

lead to rash and regrettable acts. Certainly it would be quite wrong to depreciate the undoubted value of the electric telegraph because of the assistance it may lend to over-centralisation.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the assistance which the telegraph renders, not only in the administration of the country, but in the conduct of every military operation that is undertaken. The field-telegraph is now just as much a part of every mobilised force as the commissariat; no body of troops is ever moved without it. In India especially, where the distances are so great and means of locomotion slow, does the telegraph-wire play an important part, and in no country has more attention been given to the internal telegraph-system, and to designing and perfecting a thoroughly practical field-telegraph. How successful these efforts have been is shown by the regularity and promptness with which authentic information of what has happened, it may be, on the very fringe of the Empire reaches England. So accustomed have the readers of our daily journals become to this that they think nothing of telegrams from some lonely outpost in the Swat Valley, or on the Samana Range, dated sometimes on the same day. They have ceased to wonder how it is done, and give no thought to the difficulties that have to be overcome, the toil and exposure and danger

undergone before such results can be obtained. The balance of usefulness is so greatly in favour of the telegraph that it would be a thousand pities for an impression to get abroad that it is in any sense the curse of India. The reliance that is placed upon it is due to no sudden appreciation of its value, but to a gradual growth which year by year has increased until it may now be called absolute. To show how true this is I propose to relate the part that the electric telegraph played at the time of the great Mutiny, when it was in its infancy in India, and its practical value had not yet been fully recognised. It is a story which has been already told by Kaye and other writers, and told with much graphic and picturesque detail of circumstance, but not hitherto, I think, in England at least, with perfect accuracy. So recently as last February a short summary of it was, indeed, published in that excellent Indian paper, *THE PIONEER*, on the retirement from the public service of the signaller who actually despatched the "fateful telegram." But Englishmen, insatiable devourers as they are of their own journals, have not, as a rule, perhaps, much time to spare to those of other countries, and, so far as India is concerned, are mostly content to take their news from the English Press, whereby they are sometimes the losers.

Mr. William Brendish, the officer in question, who has just retired after forty years' service in the Indian Telegraph Department is the sole survivor of the telegraph-staff present in Delhi at the time of the outbreak in 1857, and the story, as now told, is taken chiefly from his statements. As I have already said, various more or less correct, but exaggerated accounts have been given to the world. In one it is related that the young signaller stood in the office with his hand upon the signalling apparatus until the muti-

neers were almost upon him and he could hear their shouts growing nearer and clearer as they swept up the street. Still he went on with his work, and flashed up to Umballa and the Punjaub this message: "The Sepoys have come in from Meerut and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead and we hear several Europeans. We must shut up." The writer goes on to say that the mutineers burst in on the devoted lad, the last click died away, and in the performance of his duty the signaller was slain. A touching and exciting story, but unfortunately not quite true, as the signaller in question is still alive, and able to recollect what really did happen, which, stirring enough in all conscience, lacked the final tragedy of the popular version.

Many have no doubt heard of the fateful telegram which led Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjaub, in reporting on the events of that anxious time to write, "The electric telegraph has saved India"; but few can know the real facts of the case, and it may be as well to relate the story of what actually occurred on the authority of the man who played a principal part in the immortal drama of the fall of Delhi.

The actual outbreak of the mutiny in the Punjaub took place at Meerut, on Sunday the 10th of May, 1857. The custom then, as now, was to close all telegraph-offices, except at a very few important stations, on Sundays between the hours of nine in the morning and four in the afternoon. On that Sunday morning the signaller at Delhi, before closing his office, was informed by the assistant in charge of the Meerut office of the excitement that prevailed there owing to the sentence that had been passed on the men of the 3rd Cavalry for refusing to use the new cartridges. He was told that eighty men had been im-

prisoned and were to be blown away from guns. This, of course, was an exaggeration, but it was quite true that the eighty men had been degraded and sent in irons to the jail. The exaggerated gossip which passed over the telegraph-wire only emphasises the indifference engendered by confidence in the large force of European soldiers stationed at Meerut, or by ignorance of the widespread feeling of discontent that prevailed in the Native army, and makes it the more extraordinary that, notwithstanding the excitement and possible danger, the telegraph-offices both at Delhi and Meerut were closed as usual at nine o'clock. One would have thought that, considering the grave condition of affairs, the authorities at Meerut and Delhi would have desired to keep in touch with each other; but such was not the case, and the same spirit which actuated those who attended morning church at Meerut, or went for their afternoon drive as usual, led to the customary Sunday routine being carried out, and consequently to nothing being known that day in Delhi of the terrible events at Meerut. For when the Delhi office was opened in due course at four o'clock in the afternoon, communication with Meerut was found to be interrupted. As a matter of fact the telegraph-wire was cut by the mutineers near Meerut some time in the afternoon, though of course this was not known at Delhi.

The telegraph-office at Delhi was situated outside the city walls, about one mile from the Cashmere gate, and the same distance from the Flagstaff Tower. The staff consisted of Mr. C. Todd, assistant in charge, with a wife and child, and two young lads as signallers, Brendish and Pilkington; all Europeans, with the usual native subordinates. Pilkington, it should be said, had a withered leg and wore a special boot, but was active not-

withstanding. The telegraph-line to Meerut, almost immediately after leaving Delhi, had to be carried over the Jumna, a large river crossed by means of a cable, with a cable-house on either bank where the overhead line was joined on to the cable through a lightning protector. One of the chief difficulties besetting telegraphy in India in those days was the number of large rivers that had to be crossed. Those that were too wide to span had to be cabled, and owing to the ever changing beds of the rivers, and to the deterioration in the insulating material with which the cables were constructed, they were a source of constant trouble. So much was this the case that whenever a circuit containing a cable broke down suspicion fell upon the cable, and the first thing to be done was to test it. Accordingly on that Sunday afternoon, when it was found on opening at four o'clock that the communication with Meerut was interrupted, Brendish and Pilkington were sent for that purpose by Mr. Todd, across the bridge of boats, to the other side of the Jumna. They found that they could signal through the cable back to the office at Delhi, but could not work with Meerut, which proved the line to be interrupted beyond in the direction of the latter place. It was too late to do anything further that evening; the two signallers therefore returned to Delhi, and Mr. Todd made arrangements to go out himself next morning to endeavour to restore communication.

Accordingly about eight o'clock the following morning, that is, on Monday morning, the 11th of May, he started in a *gharry*, or carriage drawn by two ponies, and never returned. His fate is not accurately known, but it is believed that when crossing the bridge of boats he must have met the first detachment of the mutinous 3rd

Cavalry on their way from Meerut, that he must have been pulled out of his gharry and murdered, and his body thrown into the Jumna. At all events he was never heard of again, and his wife looked anxiously and in vain for his return.

The 11th of May thus found the telegraph at Delhi in charge of two lads, encumbered with the wife and child of Mr. Todd, and surrounded by native servants who were doubtless only waiting to see how things went before taking the lives of every European in the office. At that time there was published in the city a newspaper called *THE DELHI GAZETTE*, and in order to prevent delay in conveying telegrams for the press to the publishing office, messengers belonging to the latter were posted at the telegraph-office, and from these men Brendish and Pilkington were able to obtain information from time to time of what was going on in the city about a mile away. The information thus picked up they telegraphed to Umballa, whence it was passed on to the Chief Commissioner at Lahore. This was done unofficially, be it understood, mere signaller's chatter; for all that Monday morning not a single telegram was sent by any official at Delhi, though the line to Umballa and northwards was in perfect working order. In this way information was given of the mutinous 3rd Cavalry having crossed the bridge of boats and entered the city. From the messengers of *THE DELHI GAZETTE* the signallers learned that the regiment of Native Infantry, which, with two Horse-Artillery guns, they had seen go past the telegraph-office to oppose the mutineers, had, when ordered to fire, fired in the air, and how their officers had been shot down by the troopers of the 3rd Cavalry. All this was communicated to Umballa and duly passed on to Lahore.

About noon young Brendish went out on to the main road leading past the office, where he met a wounded officer making his way from the city to the cantonment, who said to him, "For God's sake get inside and close your doors." Native shopkeepers from the city also passed as fugitives, and said that the Sepoys were even murdering them, and that there would be no chance for white men. After this the lads naturally felt very insecure, isolated as they were, and wanted to get away to a place of safety. Mrs. Todd, however, was very unwilling to leave, uncertain as she was as to her husband's fate, and expecting him back at any moment. They succeeded at length in persuading her to leave, and about two o'clock the two lads with Mrs. Todd and her child made their way from the isolated office to the Flagstaff Tower, distant about a mile, where the other refugees from the city and cantonment were congregating. Before leaving the office Brendish despatched a final report to Umballa ending with, "*and now I'm off*," meaning that they were leaving the office, which significant words usually appear as concluding what is called the fateful telegram.

Now the most curious thing in this story is that no civil or military officer came to the telegraph-office during the whole morning of Monday, the 11th, to despatch any telegram in his own name, nor was any telegram sent by messenger for transmission to Umballa. Mr. Brendish accounts for this by the supposition that the dominant idea in everybody's mind was that the British troops from Meerut would be over at any moment, and therefore no one thought it worth while to report the outbreak at Delhi to the authorities in the Punjab. This may be so; but another reason no doubt was that the administration in those days was not centralised to the extent that it is

now, and that local officers did not think of asking for orders but acted on their own responsibility. Besides, the telegraph was then quite a new institution, and people had not got into the habit of using it, and placing reliance on it, in the way they do at the present day.

Mr. Brendish, however, remembers that shortly after arriving at the Flagstaff Tower about three in the afternoon, a military officer gave Pilkington a telegram and sent him back to the telegraph-office with an escort of Sepoys. He does not know whether Pilkington actually sent off the telegram, but believes he must have done so, as there was time, and he saw him again afterwards the same day on the way to Kurnaul, though he did not speak with him.

Kaye, in his *HISTORY OF THE SEPOY WAR*, relates that young Barnard rode from Umballa to Simla on the 12th of May, with a letter from his father to General Anson, then Commander-in-Chief, informing him that a strange, incoherent message had been received from Delhi to the following effect: "We must leave office, all the bungalows are on fire, burning down by the Sepoys of Meerut. They came in this morning. We are off. Mr. C. Todd is dead, I think. He went out this morning and has not yet returned. We learned that nine Europeans are killed." This is evidently the signal's chatter aforesaid, and gave the Commander-in-Chief his first intimation of what had happened. Later in the day the following message was received: "Cantonment in a state of siege—mutineers from Meerut—3rd Light Cavalry—numbers not known, said to be 150 men, cut off communication with Meerut; taken possession of the bridge of boats. 54th Native Infantry sent against them refused to act. Several officers killed and wounded. City in a state of consider-

able excitement. Troops sent down, but nothing known yet. Information will be forwarded."

Mr. Brendish is certain that the first of these telegrams was signalled by himself. The second telegram, he says, was written neither by him nor by Pilkington, and he believes it to be the one which Pilkington received from a military officer at the Flagstaff Tower and went back to the telegraph-office to signal at about three in the afternoon. This appears likely from the wording of the telegram. Its carefully guarded language was evidently meant to avoid anything of an alarming character; while the reference to the state of excitement prevailing in the city shows that the authorities were even then ignorant of what had actually taken place, or else altogether underrated the importance of the outbreak. This is only one more example of the absolute disbelief which existed among Europeans at that time in the possibility of a general mutiny of the troops, showing how little we knew then of the real feeling of the native army towards us. And yet we were in a better position to know in those days than we are now, for the personal relations between the governing and governed were more intimate and cordial than at the present day. The recent murders at Poona, and the fact that a very large reward has failed to bring forward any one to denounce the murderers, shows how little sympathy is really existing between the races.

Mr. Brendish remained at the Flagstaff Tower, assisting the non-combatants, including ladies, to load muskets till sunset, when he set out with others with the intention of going to Meerut, where there was known to be a large force of Europeans. In the dark, however, the ford over the river was missed, and he with a party reached Kurnaul on the morning of

the 12th. There he found Pilkington and Mrs. Todd, who had come on in the postmaster's carriage, and they all went on together to Umballa on the next day.

On reporting themselves at the telegraph-office they were met by the assistant in charge who exclaimed, "My God! I thought you had all been killed." It appears that late in the afternoon of the 11th there were movements on the needle at Umballa as if someone at Delhi was trying to signal, but as no answer came to the usual question, ("What is your name?") they suspected that it was somebody unfamiliar with the apparatus, and that all the staff had been murdered. The telegraph-office at Delhi shared the fate of most other European houses and was burned, but it is not known how long after the despatch of the last message which Pilkington was sent back to signal.

As regards the value rendered by the telegraph on this occasion, let us hear what Sir Herbert Edwardes said at Liverpool in March, 1860. "Just look at the courage and sense of duty which made that little boy, with shot and cannon all around him, manipulate that message which I do not hesitate to say was the means of the salvation of the Punjab. When the message reached Lahore it enabled Mr. Montgomery and the General to disarm the Native troops before they had received one word of intelligence on the subject. The same message

was flashed from Lahore to Peshawar, and we took our measures there in the same way, and before any of the mutineers or Hindustani regiments had the opportunity of laying their plans, we had taken all ours and were able to defeat them when the hour of difficulty arose."

From Umballa Mr. Brendish was transferred to the office at Loodiana. While there he heard of a Volunteer Cavalry corps being raised at Meerut, which was called the Meerut Light Horse. He resigned the Telegraph Department in November, 1857, and joined that corps. In 1858 he was transferred to the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry, with which he served in the Nepaul Terai until its disbandment in July, 1859, when he was re-engaged in the Telegraph Department.

This is the true story of how two lads were able to render a great,—it is difficult to appreciate *how* great—a service to the State. One of them, Pilkington, died many years ago, after not too successful a career. The other, Brendish, has lived to reap the reward of his devotion to duty. The Government of India has recognised his special services by granting him a pension on retirement equal to the full pay of his rank, and the Governor-General in Council has expressed his appreciation of his work and congratulated him on the special service he was able to render to his country on that ever-memorable 11th of May, 1857.

P. V. LUKE.

A FIRST-NIGHT AT ATHENS.

THAT a country's happiness varies in inverse ratio with its historical interest is a truth that, by repetition and practical demonstration, has almost sunk to the level of platitude. Such demonstration has been given to it of late in the case of Greece, which, in proportion to its area and population, has received an undue and unenviable amount of attention since the beginning of the year. During these last few clamorous months Athens has seen many phases of popular excitement; mobs that assembled in front of the royal palace to shout the Greek equivalent of *à Berlin!*, so does history repeat itself, and to cheer themselves hoarse for the King; mobs that gathered in the same place to complain of treachery and to mutter sedition; regiments starting with light hearts and sublime self-confidence for the front, and the remnants of regiments straggling back to fill the hospitals and swell the ranks of the disaffected. But it is a less gloomy picture of Athenian life that we wish to give. However persistently thoughts of struggles, past and to come, with his hereditary foes may beset the Greek, he requires amusement as one of his means of subsistence; and it is one of his most popular forms of amusement that we propose to describe in the following pages.

It is not then the first night of a tragedy by Euripides or a comedy by Aristophanes with which we have to deal. We are gifted with no retrospective second-sight, and our first night was a night of last year in what one might call Modern Athens, had

not that designation been appropriated, we will not say usurped, by a nearer and more familiar city. A contemporary account of the first performance of *MEDEA* or *THE CLOUDS* would undoubtedly be interesting; but not less undoubtedly may we assume that the Athens of Pericles is, in a manner, more familiar to us than the Athens of this present year of grace. Despite the facilities of modern travel, despite the coupons of Messrs. Cook, the number of English tourists who visit Greece is relatively small. Possibly they have read Edmond About, and have conjured up visions of a forced sojourn with the King of the Mountains; possibly they fear that the air of Greece is too redolent of past and painful memories of the lexicon and grammar of school-days. However it may be, the fact remains; comparatively few have followed the advice that Mr. Ruskin gave his Oxford students in 1870. "Which of us," he said, "knows what the valley of Sparta is like, or the great mountain vase of Arcadia? Which of us, except in mere airy syllabbling of names, knows ought of 'sandy Laidon hoar,' or old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar!" "You cannot travel in Greece!" I know it; nor in Magna Græcia. But, gentlemen of England, you had better find out why you cannot, and put an end to that horror of European shame, before you hope to learn Greek art." Alas, very few of the gentlemen have found that they can visit Greece to their intellectual and æsthetic profit, and for the others therefore this brief account of a typical Athenian institution may have some interest.

It is of a summer theatre in Athens that we have to speak. Athens does indeed possess theatres as we know them in Western Europe, nearly all, it may be mentioned, either subsidised by the State or the municipality. There is a large playhouse in the Plateia Tu Ludovicu, for instance, built some fifteen years ago by a well-known Greek millionaire called Syngros, who tried to win immortality for himself (after a fashion not unknown in Western Europe) by giving it his name, and handing it over as a free gift to the city of Athens. It holds fifteen hundred persons, and with respect to safety, comfort, and stage appliances vies with the best continental theatres. Externally, however, it is somewhat lacking in architectural beauty, especially in comparison with the National Theatre, which stands in the street called Aghios Constantinos. The latter, a stately edifice built of pure Pentelic marble, is very fair to look upon, although in Greece, the sunny and clear-skied, its dazzling whiteness is less remarkable than it would be were this national theatre on the banks of the Thames. Yet to dwellers on the banks of the Thames its existence is partly due, for it was built from the proceeds of a fund raised, at the instance of King George, from Greeks at all the ends of the earth; and Greek merchants in London subscribed no small portion of the cost. The other winter theatres and music-halls are of small importance.

But in these theatres, excellent though they may be, the traveller eager for local colour will not happen upon that "something rich and strange," which he naturally expects in a country so different from his own. For something more essentially native to the soil, or rather to the climate, he must repair to one of the summer theatres of Athens. If indeed he

visits Athens during the height of the summer, these are the only places of amusement he finds open; it is far too bright and beautiful out of doors for there being any chance of a good and satisfactory attendance in a building. The luxurious modern Athenian, notwithstanding his great love of music and amusement, could never endure to remain pent up in a stifling theatre, however great might be the attraction offered. It has been found necessary therefore to adopt something which combines the two essentials, comfort with amusement. Useful suggestions from the past are not wanting in Athens. One has only to go round the Acropolis to see how the ancient inhabitants solved a similar difficulty; the theatre of Dionysius, or that of Herodes on the southern side of the Acropolis, and the Stadium further east, furnish excellent examples to the modern Athenian. A theatre, then, consisting of a wooden stage and temporary wooden seats, is erected inside a yard or enclosure, with no high walls to keep out the welcome cool breezes and no roof to obstruct the view of the beautiful starry sky. Such a theatre on a clear quiet night, pleasantly cool after the intense heat of the day, is always well patronised by Athenian playgoers.

One such theatre, standing hard by the historic Ilyssus and the fountain of Callirrhoë, bears the name of Paradisos, and bears it with good reason, for beautiful gardens of sweet-scented orange trees lie round about it. Oranges, one remembers, are the favourite sustenance of the "gods" of Drury Lane, but the "gods" of Greece, if one may use the phrase, are more highly favoured beings. To them it is given to pluck their fruit from the parent stem (provided the eye of the law be not upon them), instead of having it doled forth from

the basket of a dingy and raucous dame of forbidding aspect. A quarter of a mile nearer the city one comes on another summer theatre also embowered among foliage, in this case of pines and pepper-trees, called the Garden of Orphanides, which is generally used as a *café chantant*; while a third, the Olympia, is to be found near the columns of Olympeion. The last has for some time past been used as a circus, but the traveller will visit it in vain for any trace of the ancient Olympic games or the medieval hippodrome of Constantinople. He will find only a modern circus of the type familiar to Western Europe, lightly-clad ladies, affable ring-master, clown and all.

The general internal arrangement is very simple, though some care is taken in the decoration of the stage which is generally of a fair size. Greece, as a country that lives on its past glories, loves to perpetuate ancestral tradition, and the summit of the stage is always crowned by a plaster bust of Pallas or of one of the ancient dramatists, whose name the stock company bears like that of a patron saint. The scenery must appear somewhat primitive to one accustomed to Shakespearian revivals at the Lyceum. Perhaps the poverty of scenic effect is the cause of the management's apparent disinclination to illuminate the place too brilliantly. A few foot-lights suffice for the stage, and the auditorium is lighted by an arc-light on the top of a high post. All the space in front of the stage, levelled but unencumbered with anything more than sand, is divided into first and second *thesis* or classes. The advantage of the first *thesis* is that it is nearer the stage, while its disadvantages are that, the floor being quite flat, those occupying the back seats have only a scanty view of the play, and that, from their proximity

to the stage, those in the front can hear the words from the prompter before they are uttered by the actors. The prompter, it must be explained, is a very important person in theatres such as we are describing, and is located, as in opera, in the middle of the stage. Owing to the fact that a fresh play is produced nightly, the actors, as a rule, have but a fragmentary knowledge of their parts, and without his assistance, would fare badly. The second *thesis*, the seats of which are on steps, is certainly better as regards both these points; but the defective illumination and the noises from the neighbouring streets must try the eyes and jar the ears of the spectators rather too much for full appreciation. There is no other difference with respect to seating accommodation, except that on the wooden seats of the first *thesis* there are placed small movable cushions, stuffed with hay or straw and about a foot square in size. Primitively luxurious as the cushion may be, it is certainly an improvement on the rough wooden benches, and worth the extra penny that is charged for it.

The prices of admission to these theatres are very low. From fifty *lepta* to two *drachmas* (that is, in English money, for from three to eleven pence) you can hear the best Greek actors in the native drama, or a tolerable French or Italian company in opera or burlesque. It may be added that, if you happen to have friends whose windows overlook the enclosure, or if you are tall enough and have sufficiently good eyes to see over the wall, you need pay nothing for your night's amusement.

The low prices and the popularity of the performances naturally give the entertainment a character of peculiar interest to the foreigner. The different types of faces,—hand-

some types are certainly abundant—and the variety of costumes, white linen military uniforms predominating, make the audience of a gay and motley aspect; garments of all shapes, colours, and patterns, are to be seen mingled together, and there seems but little distinction of class. An English gentleman, as a rule, keeps clear of all public amusements on a Bank Holiday; but the democratic Greek dandy, his portentous collar and varnished shoes notwithstanding, thinks nothing of being wedged between two persons of doubtful cleanliness. And the ladies are just as indifferent as the men. You see them at such entertainments in great numbers, young and old, in white or bright-coloured dresses, some in their picturesque native costume, others in Parisian frocks of the latest fashion. Whatever the costume, they seem to enjoy themselves to the utmost. You hear them all round you, laughing and talking with the gaiety and freedom characteristic of Southern Europe. Indeed the whole audience is in groups, either standing or sitting, and there is such a buzz of conversation that, had you not paid a *drachma* or so and not been surrounded by a wooden hoarding, you might think you were enjoying the evening in the Zapeion, the Bois de Boulogne of Athens. The crowd is thickest round a refreshment bar at the end of the enclosure. Here you may fortify yourself with solids and liquids, the most favoured of the former being that glutinous dainty known to Englishmen as Turkish Delight, of the latter thick, black Turkish coffee which is retailed at a penny a cup.

At last, about nine or half-past nine,—nobody knows beforehand the exact time of commencement, and the orchestra, as a rule, plays two or more overtures—the traditional three knocks on the stage are heard above

the murmur of conversation, and announce the beginning of the performance. It is only at this signal that the audience appear to realise why they are there, and rush to their seats at the first words of the actors, with the natural consequence that the preliminary dialogue is entirely inaudible.

The problem-play, with which we are familiar in the West, has had only slight popularity in Greece. Ibsen does not appeal to the man in the Athenian street, and there is no SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY *à la Grecque*, for Greece is not yet civilised enough to be neurotic and have problems. In any case one would not expect in a theatre like this a drama of a subtly analytic nature; everything would militate against its success. The mere fact of the performance being in the open air causes the sounds of the world beyond the fence to form, as it were, a muffled ground-tone to the dialogue, and prevents an over-nice rendering of shades of accentuation. Then the audience has come as much for social as for æsthetic enjoyment; and social enjoyment in Greece, as elsewhere, consists largely in small talk. So the plays produced must evidently be of a stirring kind with less fine dialogue than exciting incident, if the spectator's interest and attention are to be gained and kept. Incident was certainly not lacking in the drama of which it was our fortune to witness the first performance on the particular evening in question. There was a general background of brigands, the chieftain of whom had become converted from his evil ways and had won the young affections of a simple village maiden. The reformed bandit had, however, to contend with respectability by birth, in the person of a rival, the local landed proprietor, —the Greek equivalent for the wicked

baronet so dear to British melodrama. The village maiden was so guileless as to be unaware of the business from which her lover had recently retired, and apparently did not think it necessary to enquire into the source of the means with which he proposed to keep house. Finding his suit a failure and his competitor in possession, the squire was base enough to betray him to the authorities as being a man with a considerable past. Of the remainder of the play we have but vague recollections. There was a fight in which the squire met a justly deserved death, and towards the end a *deus ex machina* in the form of a heavy father (whose we are not quite certain) appeared on the scene to dispense poetic justice and bring things to a satisfactory conclusion.

The cast was a strong one, and the actors made the best of their parts; but the play itself seemed to be too naive for even an Athenian open-air audience, and it was evident from the first that it was not liked. The majority paid not the slightest attention, but went on talking with sublime indifference to what was passing on the stage; others kept up an animated and critical commentary on the play, while a few, easily contented mortals, appeared to derive some gratification from it, and glared indignantly but ineffectually at their chattering neighbours. They watched intently every gesture of the actors, and bent eagerly forward so as to drink in every syllable that was uttered. For this purpose they folded and refolded their cushions, in order that they might sit an inch or two higher, with a bland unconsciousness that they were obstructing the view of those behind them.

In front of us, for instance, sat a stoutly built fellow, with a tremendous hat (which he persisted in wearing throughout the performance, as

though he were an English lady at a *matinée*) who evidently thought that we had paid our *drachmas* only to view his Herculean back and towering head-gear. Just behind us again were two officers with two ladies, and the quartette kept up such a conversational din that, in their immediate vicinity, it was impossible to hear a word of the play. This naturally caused protests from some of their neighbours, and sharp words were more than once exchanged with those around them. For our own part we were not interested in the play at all; but, as we grew tired and were about to leave, we unexpectedly witnessed the most original and effective method of theatrical criticism that we have ever seen. As has been already mentioned, the play was not liked; indeed, to be frank, it was a total failure from the first act. Perhaps this accounted somewhat for the strange behaviour of the audience; for lack of civility and consideration for others are unusual in the naturally polite Athenians. But what had particularly impressed us was the entire lack of any expressions of disapproval, although it was an occasion on which almost any other audience would have brought down the theatre (one cannot say the house) with a storm of hisses and hooting. These Athenians, however, took it very coolly, and went on talking quietly and uninterruptedly; now and then you would hear an ironical *evye!* or a thump on the floor, but practically nothing worth mentioning. Thus the performance approached its end, and one would have taken the Athenians for the most patient and enduring of audiences; when suddenly, while the stage was full of actors, a loud cry of *Folla! Folla!* arose from the back seats, and was succeeded by the flight of a cushion to the stage.

Standing at your window on a day when the atmosphere seems overcharged with storm, have you ever watched the outburst of the pent-up fury of the skies when flash follows flash, and peal after peal of thunder reverberates through the heavens, and when hail-stones, like bullets from a battery of celestial Maxims, pour down upon the earth? What happened in the theatre resembled these natural phenomena on a small scale. To vary the metaphor, one might say that the first cushion had somewhat the same effect as a spark in a powder magazine. The spectators, hitherto so patient and indifferent, were now hissing, shouting, howling to their utmost, and at the same time keeping up a constant volley of cushions, which fell upon the stage with a storm-like violence, entirely stupefying for some seconds the poor actors, who fled behind the scenes for shelter so soon as they were able to realise the position of affairs.

The public, however, after the first outburst of indignation, remembering that the real offence lay with the author and not with the actors, called loudly for him. "Author, author!" cried a voice from the back seats; "author, author!" exclaimed the whole audience in chorus, "the author out!"—and out they would have him. What induced the poor man to come forward at such a time it is difficult to say, but come he did, and boldly faced the infuriated public. He had better not have done so. "*Kürü*," he managed to say, but he could get no further; the rest was lost, buried like himself in a fresh storm of cushions. After a few minutes not a single cushion remained on any of the seats; they were all strewn in front of the stage thick as the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa.

When no more cushions were left and the lights on the stage were

darkened, the audience, still bubbling over with excitement and evidently highly delighted with their evening's entertainment, especially the latter part of it, began to pour out into the street, the process being a somewhat slow one owing to the fact that in such theatres there is only one way of egress. Outside one is not surrounded by a crowd of cabs and carriages, for Athens is a compact city and nearly everybody goes home on foot; nor are one's ears assailed by newspaper boys bawling the latest murder in the latest edition. As a substitute one finds a sort of Oriental muffin-man, clad in dingily gorgeous Turkish costume and vending peculiar ring-shaped rolls, which, taken with cheese and washed down with raisin wine, are a favourite refreshment after the theatre with Athenian play-goers. Next day the new play and its burial among cushions were the general topics of conversation. A friend of ours, resident in Athens, told us that this was by no means the first time the Athenians had used the cushions in this way. He knew people who were in the habit of attending first nights, expressly with the hope of being able to take part in this drastic method of criticism, and who with time and practice acquired a deadly aim with their missiles. "It has been very beneficial," continued our friend, "both to the stage and to the public. A bad play is thus promptly disposed of, and the public get the full value of their pennyworth of cushion, if nothing else."

When at the recent Olympic Games it was proposed to place such cushions on the marble seats of the auditorium, it was suggested that it would be advisable to attach them firmly, in case the spectators might be moved to cast them about, and thereby alarm foreign competitors unaccustomed to such demonstrations.

EDMOND DE GONCOURT.

It cannot be said of all prophets that their honour increases with distance from their own people. The reputation of the De Goncourts was mainly a French one; even in France it did not spread much beyond the circle of personal followers. In England where, as we are constantly being reminded, familiarity with French literature has become a matter of course among all educated people, it is remarkable how little notice the death, last year, of Edmond De Goncourt evoked.

He was chiefly interesting, to judge from the newspapers, by reason of his curious legacy of antagonism to the French Academy,—that other Academy for which he left the endowment, and which, we hear, is soon to emerge into existence. Otherwise it seems to have been the famous Journal which made him best known, or most notorious on this side of the Channel. To say this much is merely to state a fact; theories will readily follow to one recalling a few details in the career of this novelist, historian, and critic.

Before all things Edmond De Goncourt was a prophet (the word was used advisedly just now),—a prophet of course in the didactic, not in the predictive sense. No one ever preached more assiduously the principles of literature. How many prefaces, how many sententious maxims recur! To him we owe the origin of those long-since familiar watchwords, "the human document," "the study of the true, the living, the crude (*le vrai, le vif, le saignant*)," and that distressing phrase "rummaging the entrails of life (*fouiller les entrailles de la vie*).¹ The application of these

principles is the history of the naturalist school, with its cold scientific analysis, concerned (as De Goncourt said it must be) with the brain rather than with the heart.

Personally Edmond and Jules De Goncourt began their work in 1851, their first publication *Ex 18*—, coinciding unluckily with the more exciting *coup d'état* of December 2nd in that year. The works of this first decade seem to show that the Goncourtian mind, which must be considered one and indivisible, turned at first rather to history than to fiction. Their conception of the subject was not quite the ordinary one. They were convinced that the unconsidered trifles of history deserved consideration; and so they dealt not with war, diplomacy, and high politics, but with the boudoir, the alcove, and the antechamber. They resolved history into society, society into individuals, and individuals into their psychological elements. Hence came the importance attached to minute and tedious-seeming details; hence the pains expended on searching out and procuring unpublished memoirs, autograph letters, old engravings and every kind of "document." It was no light labour to compile the *HISTOIRE DE SOCIÉTÉ PENDANT LA RÉVOLUTION*, the *HISTOIRE DE MARIE ANTOINETTE*, the *FEMME AU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE*, *PORTRAITS INTIMES DU XVIII. SIÈCLE*; but it was not the labour that brings fame or popularity. The professional historian is apt to look askance at a cult of particulars which he has either left alone as irrelevant, or, not knowing, regards as not know-

ledge. The public is not greedy of history. It tolerates the traditional style: it even has a fondness for those highly-seasoned memoirs which abound in French literature; but the De Goncourts' work,—sociology illustrated by persons taken from history—was neither the one of these things nor the other. There remained, to wonder at and admire all this research, the small class of leisured and curious amateurs,—the class which, in this country, supports works "printed by subscription," or "for private circulation only." There is nothing surprising in this, nor does it, let me hope, argue very bad taste to confess a certain sympathy with the vulgar opinion. Admitting the zeal and industry of the authors, their profound knowledge of France in the eighteenth century, and the value of some things that they brought to light, it is still difficult to avoid an impression of triviality about many of these elaborated details, an impression that it is easier to exhume dry bones than to make them live. We know, for example, that Louis the Fifteenth was a weak and worthless king; we are not much better for evidence (in some rather dull pages) that he was a disagreeable and peevish boy. Similarly *LA FEMME AUX DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE*, her history traced from the cradle to old age, and her surroundings in different grades of society displayed, is a quaint mixture of philosophic speculation with discourses on toilet and fashion, catalogues of dolls, fans, and puff-boxes. The De Goncourts, in short, strike us as deficient in the selective faculty. *Homo sum*, &c.; imbued with this principle, they forgot that all things are not of equal value, and that in literature, as well as in practical affairs, the Terentian maxim must be limited somewhere.

The cold reception of their books was of course a disappointment. They

had expected their countrymen to be interested in what interested them, or at least they had hoped to create that interest. The Journal reflects their feelings; a tone of martyrdom, not without complacency, begins to pervade it. "If we two cannot conquer the public, we ought to write for ourselves alone." . . . "We have today been selling some stock to pay for the printing of *HOMMES DE LETTRES*." . . . "We have sold for three hundred francs the copyright of *PORTRAITS INTIMES*, in compiling which we spent two or three thousand francs on the purchase of autographs." The brothers were, needless to say, wealthy and could afford the luxury of publishing at their own expense. It was not money they sought, but appreciation.

With 1860 begins the series of their novels. In passing from historical to imaginary subjects the transition was very slight. Psychology was equally the foundation of both, and to the De Goncourts' view it mattered little whether the analysis was of real or hypothetical persons. "History," they said, "is Romance that has been; Romance is History that might have been." And again: "The novelist is the historian of the people who have no history." It was all a part of the great "social enquiry (*l'enquête sociale*)" which was the purpose of their life. But, though there be no change in the author's aim and method, there is bound to be a considerable change in his position towards the public when he comes forward as the writer of professed fiction. He has appealed, it seems, from the serious few to the frivolous many,—that multitude (most numerous of all in France) with whom novels are a necessary of life, other literature a luxury easily dispensed with. Let us recall therefore the nature of the novel-market at that time, and the

wares in most common demand. Favoured in the highest circle, and widely-read through the fashionable world were the genteel stories of OCTAVE FEUILLET, at whose popularity, like that of Edmond About, less fortunate rivals were equally astonished and indignant. Far - removed from social vogue the fame of Victor Hugo, enhanced by exile, was soon to exceed itself with the appearance of *LES MISÉRABLES*. The elder Dumas, though past his prime, still flourished by book and *feuilleton* in the affection of Parisians; nor must the author of *MADMOISELLE DE MAUPIN* be forgotten. On a large section of the public Balzac, then lately dead, had made his impression, and the laborious founder of Realism was still being read as well as talked about. He had, moreover, left in Flaubert a disciple whose *MADAME BOVARY* had been the literary sensation of more than one year, and who was now just completing his more ambitious, but less successful, romance of ancient Carthage. And over novelists of every school hung the fear of a certain stout little man with keen eye and inquisitive nose, whose mission was to remind authors gently of their imperfections, and whose name was Sainte-Beuve.

Into such an arena, occupied by such competitors and countless lesser ones, the De Goncourts entered with the publication (in 1860) of *CHARLES DEMAILLY*. The setting of this novel is the literary and journalistic world of Paris. The hero, on the staff of *LE SCANDALE*, marries a pretty actress who proves to be devoid of any qualities more amiable than vanity and vulgar ambition. Reversing the usual order of things, it is here the man of fine feelings and high aims who suffers from the coarse spitefulness of his wife. The medium of her persecution is supplied by the jealousy of a literary colleague who admires her; and at last

poor Charles Demailly ends in Charenton, a hopeless idiot. The book was not very successful, nor could have been. The first part of it, devoid of incident and taken up with the professional "shop" of literary men, while it tries the reader's perseverance blunts also his capacity for recognising whatever interest and pathos belongs to the story proper,—the story of Demailly's gradual deterioration and the crisis which deranges his brain.

But while *CHARLES DEMAILLY* languished on the bookstalls its authors were busy in another direction. They were making daily visits to the Charité hospital, absorbing its painful sights and sounds, and constructing the story of *SEUR PHILOMÈNE*. The large publishing firm of Lévy, to whom the book was offered, declined it on the ground that the subject was too lugubrious and harrowing. In the mortification of this repulse Flaubert consoled, quoting his own similar experience with *MADAME BOVARY*, and observing that it was bad enough for a publisher to reject you, but it was adding insult to injury if he presumed to "appreciate" you. *SEUR PHILOMÈNE*, however, had not long to wait. It appeared in 1861, and without being phenomenally successful its circulation was steady and continuous. True, the subject was a painful one, but it was eminently human. A girl, whose religion from being self-centred has widened into the desire of doing good, adopts the life of a hospital nurse. Amid the horrors of it she is sustained at first by the illusion of every novice that she is doing something to combat and check death. Fortitude comes by habit, but tenderness remains, and the gentle sister is beloved by all. She has her own love-passion too, and upon the larger scene of suffering the tragedy of two hearts intervenes. It was natural that the sister and the young surgeon, whose skill and humanity promise him

a brilliant future, should be attracted to each other. But accident, misunderstanding, the difference between a religious and a sceptical temperament, keep them apart; and her love is only avowed when he lies dead and she prays in silence over his body.

In no other book have the De Goncourts touched more nearly the "sense of tears in mortal things," unless indeed it be in the one which comes next in time to *SŒUR PHILOMÈNE*,—in *RENÉE MAUPERIN*. On these two, at any rate, their reputation as novelists hangs; on one or other of them the admirer takes his stand. *RENÉE MAUPERIN* is the more elaborate of the two. It contains more characters; its contrasts are more sharply defined, and contrast is the salt of fiction as of life. Renée is the merry light-hearted girl whose education (advanced as it seemed in those days) has left her sensible and amiable. Henri, her brother, represents the priggish young man of "brilliant mediocrity (*médiocre avec éclat*)" who, for the sake of self-advertisement, affects an absorbing interest in social science, and writes heavy articles on political economy, popular education, and so forth. The parents, again, are equally distinct types. Mauperin père is a good down-right man, who, after being a keen reformer in 1830, has retired from politics, established a sugar-refinery, and become wealthy; Madame Mauperin is quite the *bourgeoise*, of few ideas, vastly proud of her clever son, and indifferent to Renée who is the father's pet. In trying to prevent her brother from contracting a marriage of a peculiarly repulsive nature, Renée unwittingly brings about a duel in which Henri is killed. No one but herself knows that she has been the innocent cause of this disaster, and the circumstances make it impossible for her to reveal the fact; but the consciousness of it takes all the joy out of

her life, and develops a malady of the heart, symptoms of which had appeared before. The rest of the book is a long-drawn study of the mental phases which her illness involves, its turns for better and worse until the end. There is the unceasing care of the father trying to nourish a hope he knows to be vain; there is the mechanical kindness of the mother who has been crushed by the loss of her son. All this is done with marvellous skill and unequalled detail. Save for being marred by the insertion of a chapter describing a purely medical operation, the whole is a masterpiece of analytic art.

From the hospital ward of *SŒUR PHILOMÈNE* and the sick-room of *RENÉE MAUPERIN* we must now descend to the kitchen and follow the misfortunes of a servant-girl whose temperament, "lymphatic but capable of strong affection and jealousy," makes her the victim of an unkind world. The atmosphere of *GERMINIE LACERTEUX* is very much that which was afterwards employed by M. Zola for *L'ASSOMMOIR*; and the decline and fall of Germinie is, roughly speaking, similar to that of Gervaise Coupeau. In the preface of the book the authors affirm that they "desire to create an interest in the tragedies of the humblest life, in these days when the novel is extending its scope and becoming the history of the manners and morals of the time." It is doubtful, however, whether they quite succeed in this object. There is a certain perversity about the character of the hapless *bonne* which makes us feel that she was mostly responsible (allowing any human responsibility) for her own troubles. By no means friendless, for she had the best of kind mistresses in Mademoiselle De Varandeuil, she might by natural confidence in this lady have steered

a fairer course. Indeed at the end of all it is the mistress, rather than the servant, with whom we sympathise. Mademoiselle De Varandeuil (born in 1782) is an excellent portrait of a type arising from a mixture of two ages, the old *régime* and the Revolution. "She had no esteem for kings, but she detested the rabble; she favoured equality, but loathed the *parvenu*; her tones were abrupt, her language free." She had withal a good heart. She had suffered much; her friends and kinsfolk were all gone, and the chief occupation of her old age was a weekly pilgrimage to the cemetery wherein were the tombs of her family. The servant, whom she trusted and protected, was her last living interest; and even the knowledge of Germinie's deceit, coming after her death, did not prevent the kindly old lady from journeying through the snow to try and find where her servant's remains had been laid, and provide them with a decent grave.

During the remainder of their joint labours the De Goncourts produced their drama *HENRIETTE MARÉCHAL* (the stormy reception of which at the Comédie Française and its compulsory withdrawal are narrated in the Journal), various monographs and works of criticism (chief of which is *L'ART DU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE*), and two more novels, *MANETTE SALOMON* and *MADAME GERVAISAI*. The former of these is a pendant to *CHARLES DEMAILLY*; it deals with the artistic, as that did with the literary, life; in one the career of a writer, in the other that of a painter is destroyed by a woman's influence. But the most notable figure in the Bohemia of *MANETTE SALOMON* is that of Anatole Bazoche, idle, irresponsible, and reckless, a personification of these untranslatable qualities which the French call *blague* and *gaminerie*.

The doings of this young man, and his pet monkey Vermillon, serve to lighten an otherwise rather ponderous book.

In 1870 died Jules De Goncourt, the younger of the two brothers; and to Edmond's sole authorship belong those studies of Japan (*L'ART JAPONAIS DU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE*) which may have had something to do with the Japanese mania in art and fashion so successfully worked afterwards by Pierre Loti. The elder brother wrote also four novels, the most important of which are *LA FILLE ÉLISA* and *LES FRÈRES ZEMGANNO*.

It is, perhaps, a doubtful compliment to public taste to observe that the former of these must have been, judging by circulation, by far the most popular of all the De Goncourts' books. The story, however, is not quite what its title might suggest. It is concerned, of course, in a subsidiary way, with the life of an unfortunate woman of the lowest class; but its principal object is to hold up for reprobation the iniquitous system of prison discipline which condemns the criminal to "perpetual silence." It is, in fact, a novel with an avowed purpose; and in this respect it differs from other works of the same school whose authors are wont to disclaim any immediate philanthropic aims. *LA FILLE ÉLISA* had best, therefore, be regarded from the practical point of view, though it would be superfluous to attribute its popularity to that cause.

LES FRÈRES ZEMGANNO is in quite a different vein. Weary, the author tells us, of the painful subjects of his other novels, finding himself in one of those moments when the "too true truth" is even repugnant, he has sought relief in a "poetic realism," he has indulged in "fancy, dream and memory," just as afterwards M.

Zola did, moved no doubt by a similar reaction, when he wrote *Le Rêve* in the midst of the Rougon-Macquart series. There is a pathos, too, in that word *memory*, which no one will fail to understand, reflecting how intimate, how identical, the life of the two De Goncourts had been, and comparing it with the story of *LES FRÈRES ZEMGANO*. In this case the brothers are two circus-clowns, or acrobats. Inheritors from their mother of Bohemian blood, they regard their calling as an art not a mechanism. They are devoted to one another, eight years' seniority giving to the elder the protective rôle. They perform always together; each supplies something to the other; their fame is mutual. By patience and practice they reach an engagement at *Le Cirque*, where their ordinary turns are well received. But the elder brother is ambitious; his brain has long been at work, and he has at last perfected his scheme. It is a novel and perilous feat, sure if successful to be the talk of all Paris; if otherwise—well, failure was not contemplated by the trained gymnast. The night came. Advertisement had filled the circus with an expectant crowd. Slowly these elaborate preparations were made which intensify the suspense of spectators. At length all was ready; the word was given; there was a vision of a figure flying through space. Alas! partly through mischance, partly through a tampering with the apparatus (afterwards discovered and traced to the jealousy of a rival acrobat) the great leap miscarried, and the younger brother, instead of alighting on the other's shoulders fell badly, breaking his leg. Then followed weeks of suspense. Would the cripple be able to resume his work? The doctors knew, but glossed over the truth until it defied concealment. The poor boy

might walk on crutches, but never more be an acrobat. It was the end of their life and their hopes. The elder tried to resume his occupation, but he had little heart for it, and the younger could not bear that his brother should perform without him. Thus closed the career of *Les Frères Zemganno*. So brief an outline can convey little idea of the romance and pathos interwoven in this pretty story, this "poetic realism." And to think that the author should consider it necessary to apologise for the fact that there never really were two such circus-clowns as Gianni and Nello!

It remains finally to add that Edmond De Goncourt continued the *Journal* after 1870 and printed it. Intended originally to be a posthumous publication, its appearance during the author's life-time was due, he says, to the representations of friends, especially of M. Alphonse Daudet. The first volume was issued in 1887, and at intervals the other eight followed. This autobiography and record of literary life has been the mark of some severe criticism on the score of egotism, malice, credulity, indiscretion, and what not. It may be justly charged with degenerating, as it proceeds, into a tedious prolixity not so apparent in the first two or three volumes. Certainly it contains much that was hardly worth saying, and much that might better have been left unsaid; but when all this has been subtracted enough remains to "revive for posterity ourselves and our contemporaries." It is also the natural text-book for estimating the author's position.

Edmond De Goncourt was, as has been already said, the chief spokesman of his school. He was the first to set the fashion, or at least the first to proclaim it, of going about notebook in hand for professional purposes; and on nothing did he pride himself so

much as on the paternity of the "human document." For that useful, —nay, blessed—formula let him receive all credit, so long as the invention is understood to be of a phrase, not of a thing. The limitation is necessary, in view of certain extravagant pretensions which would assign to the founders of realistic fiction an honour and glory similar to that which, in physical science, belongs to the author of the *NOVUM ORGANUM*. In both cases, we are told, there was a change of method; in both the importance of particulars was emphasised. Unfortunately the comparison can hardly be extended to the subject-matter and the results. Nature was unknown when Bacon prescribed rules for the discovery of her secrets; human nature, the motives and conduct of men, was as well known two thousand years ago as it is to-day. No documentary novelist has added to the sum of general knowledge, or done more than dress up old truths in a few new garments borrowed from various sciences. The innovation of Realism, or Naturalism, was at most, then, one of method applied to a given body of already known phenomena, just as the same facts may be treated by induction or deduction in turns. And even as an innovation of method it has been much exaggerated on the fatuous presumption, often made by De Goncourt and others, that no novelist before Balzac had ever studied the details of life,—a presumption resting apparently on no other basis than the fact that our old friends, taking such study for granted, did not deem it necessary to be constantly talking about it.

The psychological bias of De Goncourt deserves notice. He often refers with satisfaction to this feature of his work. "I had rather," he says somewhere in the *Journal*, "have contributed the smallest fragment to psychology than have been the author of

the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*." I quote the remark, as it is made, in all seriousness (De Goncourt indeed jested seldom and with difficulty), but I must confess complete inability to understand its meaning. The present point, however, is that, while every novelist nowadays calls himself more or less psychological, there are certain conditions required by the reader, the neglect of which involves the fatal reproach of dullness. Experience shows that, to suit popular taste, mental analysis must be connected with love or crime and must lead to something startling. The inventor of a "new shudder" will always be welcome, as M. Paul Bourget's novels bear witness. But De Goncourt's psychology is mostly concerned with the meditations of ordinary persons, and there is no sensation in prospect. There is plenty of thought, feeling, and talk, but very little action. Now the average novel-reader is, and always will be, prejudiced in favour of a story in which things happen. He feels this necessity all the more in proportion to the length and complexity of the analysis, and the consequent strain upon his attention. It is human nature. What else is the significance of the Derby dog,—an absurd but welcome interruption of painful expectancy? Similarly in De Goncourt's novels we often wish that a dog would appear, would bark, bite, even go mad, simply in order that something may happen. Herein may be observed by contrast the sagacity of M. Zola, to some extent the pupil of De Goncourt and having many affinities with him. M. Zola, less subtle and analytic, elaborates more the external surroundings (*le milieu*) of his characters. And knowing well that the *milieu* of ordinary persons is apt to be very wearisome, he takes care to diversify description by incidents sufficiently frequent to prevent the yawns of the

reader. But if we ask which renders the truer interpretation of life, there can be no doubt of the answer. Since in life the subjective predominates, since there are a million of thoughts and sensations for a single action, the most faithful reporter of life is he who goes nearest to observing this proportion. No novelist has made the attempt more conscientiously than De Goncourt. His virtue must be its own reward: for, all theories notwithstanding, the eternal law of fiction continues to be the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*.

Lack of incident may be partly redeemed in public estimation by a sparkling wit or an attractive style. The former is not one of De Goncourt's qualities; when he diverged at all from his rigid conception of the truth, it was to pathos rather than humour that he inclined. And as to style, *artistic, precious, chiselled, unconventional*, may all be appropriate terms, but hardly *attractive*. A student of style he truly was, one who chose and arranged his words no less affectionately than Gautier, whom he called "the sultan of the epithet," or Flaubert, whose life-long regret was a double-genitive construction that had crept into *MADAME BOVARY*.

There is an old and convenient, if unscientific, division of men's minds into the creative and the critical. Adopting this, De Goncourt must be placed among the latter. His genius was eminently a painstaking one, as witness alike his historical works and the precision of detail which belongs to his novels. *LES FRÈRES ZEMGANO* is a good instance of this minute research applied to a subject which needed study, the surroundings of circus-life and the technicalities of gymnastic. Moreover, no reader of the *Journal* can help being impressed with the sense of effort in literary

work. *La peine, la fatigue, &c., de la vie littéraire*—such expressions recur often, not in reference to unpleasant subjects or to expeditions undertaken in quest of "documents," but simply to the labour of composition. Writing was a toil not a pleasure; it came by application without the spontaneity we associate with the creative mind.

For criticism, in the restricted and professional sense, De Goncourt was well equipped with much special knowledge and industry unbounded. He does not seem, however, to have had the openness of mind or receptivity of the ideal critic. His opinions on literature and things in general, while entitled to respect, are not always convincing. He is too much the professor speaking from the chair and brooking no contradiction. His criticisms are often judgments *in vacuo*; a few depreciatory epithets, it may be, unsupported by reasons. This tendency may perhaps be explained by a rather contemptuous view of criticism which occasionally appears. After describing, for example, a tumultuous argument between several well-known literary men, he ends by observing: "Just as every political discussion comes to this, '*I am a better man than you*,' so the sum and substance of every literary discussion is '*I have more taste than you*.'" I do not dispute the ultimate truth of this sentiment. Literary likings and dislikings precede the reasons for them; still, as a matter of convention, and in order that the art of criticism may not become extinct, it is necessary to find reasons.

With these qualifications it is possible to enjoy the scattered wit and wisdom of De Goncourt. As a phrase-maker he can hold his own in a country where phrase-making is traditional. A man who spends time

and thought in "seeking the word" is bound to devise a good many striking and happy expressions. In De Goncourt's case they are not epigrams so much as grave sententious apophthegms, found with labour and when found carefully noted. Few writers, indeed, have shown such fondness for their own sayings or repeated them so often. We meet one in the *IDÉES ET SENSATIONS*; we find the same in the *Journal*, and we come upon it again doing duty in one or other of the novels. Good and indifferent, original and reminiscent, profound and otherwise, are mingled together, as a few stray specimens will show.

When we light upon a sentence of this sort, "What is Life? It is the usufruct of an aggregation of molecules," we may be excused for thinking it pedantic, not to say portentous. When we read that "Nature, solely concerned with the preservation of species, is savagely disdainful of individuals," we feel certain that De Goncourt has benefited by a perusal of *IN MEMORIAM*. "Commerce is the art of abusing the desire or the need which your neighbour has for something" is not nearly so neat as the younger Dumas's famous definition, "Business is other people's money."

Some of these aphorisms are merely pretentious and paradoxical. "Nothing is less poetic than Nature and natural objects." The world is dying of civilisation; its end will be brought about by universal education." "If scepticism increases at its present rate, our children will be forty years old when they are born." "Society begins with polygamy, and ends with polyandry." Here, however, are some better ones: "The difference between a Catholic church and a Jewish synagogue is that the latter is more free and easy,—a kind of *café* of faith." "The idea which

some people favour of a religion without the supernatural reminds us of an advertisement of wine without grape (*vin sans raisin*)." "When incredulity becomes a faith, it is more unreasonable than a religion." "Religion is a part of woman's sex." "Man sometimes requires truth in a book; woman always demands from it her illusions." "Prejudices are the experience of the world." "Illness sensitises a man for observation, like a photographic plate." "Lace often seems to me as though it were made of women's tears."

Many of the sayings are, as is natural, concerned with literature and art. De Goncourt was one of the first to recognise and proclaim the importance of Diderot as the source of modern criticism. "Diderot, Beaumarchais, Bernardin de St. Pierre—these are the great legacy bequeathed by the eighteenth to the nineteenth century," and more to the same effect. "Every writer is inclined to despise the public which will read him tomorrow, and to respect that which will read him ten years hence." "Anecdote is the small change of history." "In literature you can only do well what you have seen or suffered." "The Beautiful in Art is that which appears abominable to uneducated eyes. The Beautiful is what your *maitresse* or your *bonne* instinctively find hideous." "To appreciate a work of art you require more than taste; you require character. Independence of ideas is necessary to independence of judgment." "Literary property is the least legal as it is the most legitimate of all properties." "A book never is a masterpiece; it becomes one. Genius is the talent of a dead man."

Though the personal element of the autobiography is sometimes unpleasantly prominent, full space is given to many famous men (Sainte-Beuve,

Taine, Gautier, Flaubert, and the moderns), and to some (like Gavarni) whose fame is mostly due to the De Goncourts. Censure is more common than admiration. A tone of independence and isolation pervades it all; one feels sure that De Goncourt and his brother were indebted to no one. But the last sentence I have quoted illustrates a vein of discontent and querulousness so marked as to leave rather a depressing effect.

It is a pity, one cannot help thinking, that a man who so admirably resisted all temptations to what he calls "a coarse notoriety" did not philosophically accept his own superior position. That position was a high enough one surely, at least during the latter part of his life, with all those whose judgment he could have valued. It is not a bad thing to be above the public of your day and indifferent to it; but to scold it for not seeing with your eyes is less consistent or dignified. At the same time it is just to say that De Goncourt was not satisfied with himself or his own work. "We have only made a beginning," he writes; "we [that is, M. Zola and himself] have analysed the lower parts of society. The true victory of Realism will be won by the writer who applies the same method to society in its higher grades,—to men and women of the world whose surroundings are those of distinction and education. . . . The task will be more difficult as the *milieu* of such people is more complex. . . . But to the young I wish to say that the success of Realism lies in that direction and that only, no longer in the literary *canaille* now exhausted."

It must be remembered also that De Goncourt deserved well of literature, not so much by what he said and wrote, as by the example of a life wholly devoted to its service. It may be, indeed it seems so to me, that he exalted literary work, and especially fiction, overmuch, making it not only equal with but superior to every other activity of life. Nor is one perhaps conscious at the present time of a necessity for magnifying the literary office. Authors hold their heads higher to-day than when De Goncourt's career began; the difficulty now is rather to find a literary man who thinks too little of himself. But increased public recognition is a modern development, for bringing about which some share of the credit should be assigned to men like the De Goncourts. I use the plural, for the partnership of the two brothers, "the twin minds," is a unique phenomenon; a partnership so unanimous that, while it lasted, no one could lay a separating finger on the part of Edmond and that of Jules, nor after the younger's death did the survivor's work bear any discriminating mark. It was no less a rare thing that two young men of good birth and easy means should voluntarily devote themselves and their substance to a life of toil and discomfort, should stifle aristocratic instincts, should set before them a fixed idea, and should pursue it through good report and ill to the end. The De Goncourts did so. This is a great and elevating fact; no disparaging criticism can impair it, no explanation can adequately account for it, save one,—absolute sincerity of purpose.

A. F. DAVIDSON.

A HEROIC RESISTANCE.

(A TALE OF THE LIBERIAN COAST.)

TOWARDS the close of a sultry afternoon the little steamer Dunlin was churning her way through the glassy roll of the Atlantic. Away to the south stretched a limitless waste of grey sea streaked with wreaths of low-lying mist; to the north lay the coast of Africa. Clusters of feathery palms, yellow beaches swept by eternal surf, and rows of native huts nestling between the cottonwood forest and the ocean, rose to view and faded astern as the steamer rolled along.

Captain Orme leaned over the bridge-rails, glancing at the approaching coast-line and grumbling at the heat, for it was the season of the rains and the atmosphere was like that of a hothouse.

"Six fathoms, sir," hailed a Quartermaster as he dipped the lead; and the Mate observed, "It's shoaling fast, and there are too many uncharted rocks about to make this a nice neighbourhood to navigate in the dark."

Again Captain Orme looked at the creaming breakers ahead; then he stamped upon the bridge, for the climate of Africa in the rainy season is trying to both health and temper. "Hang those Krooboys for bringing us into a place like this!" he broke out. "I shall be glad to see the last of them,—thought they'd take charge of the ship once or twice. Go down and see if any headman can pilot us in. We shall have to stay all night; I won't risk going out in the dark."

The Mate descended to the deck where some two hundred Krooboy labourers, returning to their native country in the Liberian bush after a

labour-contract with the factories of the Oil Rivers and the Gold Coast, lay about in picturesque simplicity of attire. Broad-shouldered, muscular fellows they were, with a blue stripe tattooed down the centre of each ebony forehead, the mark of the Kroo nation. Some were clad in crimson flannel jackets and battered silk hats, but the majority were content with the simple waist-cloth,—“a healthy and very economical garment,” as the Scotch Engineer said. All about them lay cases of Hamburg gin and sharp matchets, which represented part of the fruit of their labour, wages in West Africa being mostly paid in kind.

“Any of you Krooboys fit take ‘teamer in?” asked the Mate; and immediately there was a babel of voices and a crowd of eager applicants. Nothing delights a negro more than the assumption of a little brief authority. The choice was made, and a broad-shouldered giant, rejoicing in the name of Old Man Trouble, stalked pompously to and fro upon the bridge, his woolly hair projecting through the place where the crown of his silk hat should have been. Once he laid his hand upon the telegraph, but the Mate was too quick for him.

“No nigger touches that, you’re only here to show the way, not to command; savvy?” said Captain Orme.

“Not nigger, sah,” answered the man; “only low bushman and Liberia man nigger.” Then his mouth expanded into the broad grin of the African, and pointing to a white-walled building among the palms, he

added, "New Custom-House, sah; Krooboy burn him one time."

The Mate, who posed as an encyclopaedia in West African matters, laughed. "The old question,—Free trade *versus* Protection," he said. "They play it out vigorously here, sometimes as a comedy and sometimes as a tragedy. In any case it's rough on the Krooboy who doesn't want to be governed at all, to be taxed extortionately, to pay for improvements in Monrovia. I wonder how many Custom-Houses he has burned."

Old Man Trouble, who understood the speech, nodded approval. "Liberia man bushman," he said. "We fit to fight him too much."

"The Krooboys be hanged," broke in Captain Orme; "I'm sick of them. We'll have a Liberian officer aboard now to charge us five hundred dollars for landing this crowd, of which he'll pocket half. Blow the whistle for the canoes."

Three times the deep boom of the steam-whistle rang out, and echoed along the palm-clad bluff ashore, until the sound died away and was lost in the monotonous song of the surf. Then the Dunlin's propeller turned slowly astern and her anchor rattled down.

Presently a little launch steamed out from behind a point of surf-swept rocks, and, when she shot alongside, a sable representative of the Liberian Republic, covered with tarnished gold lace, strutted towards the bridge with the air of an Admiral of the Fleet. "You are fined fifty dollars for anchoring without permission, and if you desire to land those Kroomen you must pay two and a-half dollars a-head," he announced, and proceeded to climb the bridge-ladder.

"Stop where you are, daddy,"¹ said the Captain laughing. "No one

¹ A common mode of address on this coast.

sets foot on this bridge until he's asked. You'll get no fifty dollars from me, and as to paying two and a-half each for the Krooboys, that's more than the best nigger in Africa is worth even if he is a Customs officer. However, there they are; you can sail in and collect it yourself. Don't be too exacting though, for they've all got matchets."

Hardly had the dignity of the Black Republic reached the fore-well than a pandemonium of angry yells rose from the crowded deck, and bright matchet-blades glittered above a maze of naked arms. Captain Orme, who had been fined too many times on frivolous pretexts to love the Liberians, smiled grimly as the Customs officer hastily returned to the foot of the bridge-ladder. His teeth were chattering and his knees shook like an acacia leaf in the rush of the harmattan.

"You shall pay for this," he gasped. "If you attempt to land one boy I'll fire on you, and advise Monrovia to put our navy on your track."

"If the Liberian navy gets in my way I'll run over the thing," replied the Captain; "it looked like an overgrown launch the last time I saw it. Is your western squadron like the other, eh? If they won't pay, the Krooboys must go on to Sierra Leone, for they shall not take my boats ashore for you to confiscate—see! Here's a word of advice. This is a hard crowd, a fighting tribe from the interior; they might fancy swimming off in the dark, for we stay here all night and we dare not try to stop them. If they do, you'd better look out. Remember too, that a little civility costs nothing; and now, good-day."

The black official answered nothing. His self-esteem was wounded, and with a feeble attempt at a swagger he kicked his sable clerks down the ladder and descended into the launch. As

the little craft steamed away a yell of derision and hate followed her, and matchets flashed along the Dunlin's rail. Then the Krooboy's settled down again into their customary easy-going good-humour, and the Mate observed, "Scene one of the comedy. I wonder how it will end."

"No canoe come, sah; you lend us surf boats one lil' time?" asked Old Man Trouble. But the Captain answered sharply: "No; you all go on to Sa Leone, and get back the best way you can. Here's a dollar; get away forward."

Darkness settled down across the misty ocean with the suddenness of the tropics, and after swallowing a hasty meal in their stifling, cockroach-haunted mess-room, Captain and Mate lounged about beneath the spar-deck awnings, trying to catch a stray breath of air.

"Pah! I'm half mad with prickly heat, and that din gets on my nerves," said the former. "This deck passenger game is not worth the candle; look at them now."

A wild hammering of monkey-skin drums rose from the fore-well, followed by the rattle of matchet-blades. Then two hundred lusty voices broke out into the swinging chorus of a war-song of the Kroo nation.

"Some of their chanties are quite musical," said the Mate, "and very old too; many tell how they fought the first white men, the Portuguese, four hundred years ago."

Presently, by a blaze of torch-light, for a fire of some kind is an essential feature of a West African palaver, three wild figures danced upon the high fore-castle-head, the red glare falling upon their naked skins as they flung their arms about and harangued the excited crowd below. A hoarse roar of approval went up in answer; then one of the orators appeared to dissent, and his comrades pitched him

head over heels on to the iron deck beneath. Captain Orme sprang to his feet. "There'll be murder done," he shouted, "and they're burning the new tarred gass-warp too. Tell Mac to start the big pump."

"The hose is rigged. Pairsonal cleanliness is guid, an' there's naething 'ill settle a palaver like a pickle cauld water, with eighty pun o' steam ahint it," observed the Engineer drily; and following the cling-clang of the pump below a solid jet of water swept the deck fore and aft, till the council broke up ignominiously.

"Thank goodness," said Captain Orme. "I'm glad that's over; wonder what it was all about anyway."

It was long past midnight when the harassed Captain was awakened by a loud hammering at his door. Springing out of his narrow bunk, and shaking down legions of cock-roaches from the breast of his thin pyjamas, he strode towards the entrance, and heard the rough voice of the Quartermaster say: "Them devils are a seizin' the boats, sir. They've got No. 1 half-way lowered, and are cuttin' the falls of the rest." For a few moments after he left the doorway, Captain Orme could see nothing but the luminous vapour which streamed from the summit of the reeling funnel sweeping to and fro across the inky blackness at every roll. Then he heard the Mate calling excitedly for help, and striking left and right with his revolver-butt, he burst through a crowd of negroes surging round the davits. The big Krooboy who was thrusting the boat's bows off the rail went down like a log as the heavy pistol-butt smote him between the eyes; and the mob fell back a pace or two.

"Light a port-fire on the bridge someone. Rally round all hands," he roared. "We're a comin' sir," answered a voice out of the darkness as a few drowsy seamen fought their way

to their commander's side, the Krooboys giving way before the swinging capstan-bars and iron pump-handles. Then a portfire hissed and sputtered on the lofty bridge, and an intense dazzling green glare shone down on the swaying crowd below. "Stand back!" shouted the Captain. "The first that lays a hand upon the boats I shoot," and the barrel of his revolver glinted in the light of the port-fire. For a few seconds the negroes stood silent and irresolute, until a burly leader strode forward, saying something in an unknown tongue and pointing to the boats.

The Mate's grasp tightened on his handspike as he glanced at the rolling eyes and scowling faces before him. He knew that if the Skipper's nerve proved unequal to the task it might go very hard with every white man on board, for many of the Krooboys were armed with matchets.

"Give us them boat, whiteman, and plenty boy live for bring them back," said the spokesman. "If no fit, we chop you one time." For a moment or two the Captain made no reply but stood calmly facing the excited crowd, and glancing shorewards the Mate saw a bright tongue of flame leap up from the summit of the bluff, while a hoarse murmur ran from man to man. Then again the tread of running feet echoed along the after deck, and a hoarse voice cried, "Oot o' the way, ye brutes." The big Krooman glanced behind him, and swung his matchet, but a heavy steel spanner descended with a thud upon his woolly head, and the gaunt figure of the Chief Engineer leaped into the circle of light, while the negro staggering sideways fell groaning upon the deck. Next moment a wedge of sooty firemen and greasers with shovels and rabbles in their hands cleft the crowd apart, and the Krooboys gave sullenly back on either side.

"Now," said the Captain, "take that man away and pump on him. If there's one of you left on the spar deck in three minutes I'll shoot him." The negroes went slowly forward. It was the old story; the calmness and contemptuous fearlessness of the European had triumphed over the fickle impulses of the African. The negro savage is rarely a coward: in some circumstances he is recklessly brave; but he is always loath to face a determined white man. It is not unusual to see a score of stalwart bushmen flying in terror from the wrath of a sickly white trader, who would be as helpless as a child in their muscular grip. This is the more strange, as all the traders are by no means remarkable for nerve or courage, while the negroes have probably faced swift death at the point of a barbed spear several times before.

"A wee bit firmness gangs a lang way," said the Engineer panting; "an' I'm thinkin' it's a gey hard skull he has onway; the bit tap wull no trouble him lang."

The Mate burst out into a laugh to relieve his pent-up excitement, as he answered: "If it had been anyone but a nigger, the bit tap would have killed him on the spot."

"I'm dead tired of them anyway," observed Captain Orme slowly. "Five dollars a head from Lagos doesn't cover this kind of thing. I wonder what they'll be up to next." Even as he spoke a wild yell rose from the foredeck, followed by a succession of splashes in the sea. "Come back there! Stop them! Light another port-fire," he roared.

This time a crimson flame blazed out from the rail of the spar-deck, and by the ruddy glare the Europeans saw the Krooboys hurling their gin cases over the iron bulwarks, while already four or five sable figures were shooting through the circle of light

which fell upon the long glassy undulations, as the steamer rolled and wallowed in the steep swell. The white seamen descended the iron-runged ladder, but glistening matchet-blades barred their way and Old Man Trouble stood upon the winch-drum and lifted up his voice.

"Listen lil' word, Captain sah," he said. "We dun pay you all five dollah fer land on Palm Bluff beach. Liberia man say *no*; Captain say *no boat*. Krooboy swim; if white man say *no*, we chop him. Live fer quiet; we go chop Liberia man instead."

"Let them go," advised the Mate; "we can't stop them now and would only get hurt if we tried. There's no surf in Africa big enough to drown a Krooboy."

As he spoke a crowd of naked figures flung themselves over the rail, and the sea was dotted with swimming heads; man after man followed in rapid succession, until the deck was empty of all save those bound for Sierra Leone. The sight was no unusual one, for when, as occasionally happens, the canoes do not come off to meet the coasting-steamers the Krooboy passengers swim ashore half a mile or more, pushing their gin cases before them.¹

"I wadna care tae be in the shoon o' that Custom-man if they devils wake him up the nicht," said the Engineer.

"It's not our business," rejoined the Mate, "and he probably deserves it. It won't be the first Liberian station the wily Krooboy has cleaned out. I am thinking most of the two French traders; I don't suppose they'll be molested, but we'll warn them anyway."

The long reverberating boom of the steam-whistle rang out four times across the misty darkness, and then all was silence again.

It is hard enough at any time to sleep in the tropics during the stifling heat of the rains, and after what had happened none of the spectators cared to return to their berths again. They sat smoking instead upon the spar-deck, listening to the welter of water along the bends, each time the Dunlin rolling heavily down buried her rusty plates in a brimming swell. At last, shortly before dawn, the Captain sprang to his feet. "They're burning the Custom-House, by George! Look there," he said, pointing to a broad sheet of red flame which roared aloft from the shadowy loom of the bluff, lighting up the fringe of foaming breakers which hurled themselves upon the sand. "That officer is probably having a bad time now, the Kroomen have no particular reverence for the majesty of the Black Republic," he added. "I wish it was daylight, so we could send a boat in for the sake of the Frenchmen; but she'd never get through the surf in the dark."

"I'll chance it, sir; we'll get through somehow," answered the Mate. "They were very kind last time we called; and even if it was only on account of the black officer, we can't sit here and do nothing."

"Well," said the Captain, "if you like to risk it, go. Mac is itching to go too. It's none of his business, but he's never happy unless he's putting something right."

A few minutes afterwards there was a clatter of blocks and a big surf-boat splashed into the sea. Krooboy boat-hands and white seamen slid down the falls: the Mate shouted, "Shove off before she's stove alongside;" and the boat shot away from the wallowing steamer on the smooth back of a swell. Glancing over his shoulder the Mate saw a shadowy figure leaning out over the Dunlin's rail and heard the Captain's voice: "Be careful. Look out for——" and then the vessel

¹ I have seen a hundred or more swim a mile to the beach, and land through a surf no steamer's boats could pass.—H. B.

rolled wildly down, and the words were drowned in a gurgling rush of water.

"Paddle there, paddle," was the order, and the black boat-boys, balancing themselves on either gunwale, gripped a loop of fibre with their prehensile toes, as they swung the dripping paddles; and the big surf-boat went fast inshore, now shooting aloft on the crest of a roller, now sinking deep in the gloomy trough. Ten minutes later they paddled slower, and the Mate stood erect in the stern-sheets as the boat rose and fell sharply just outside the fringe of breakers. Grey dawn was coming across the heaving ocean. A red streak broadened and deepened along the eastern horizon, while beyond the parallel lines of roaring surf the feathery tufts of the palms rose dimly above the misty forest. The fire had died away, and only a few wreaths of dingy smoke were faintly visible against the bluff.

"You fit take us through surf, Frypan?" asked the Mate; and the grizzled helmsman nodded silently as he took a firmer grip of the sculling oar. "Then in you go! Give her fits! Hyah, Krooboy!" shouted the officer, and the Engineer slowly and methodically buckled a cork lifebelt about his waist. "Cleanliness is guid," he observed; "but yon's no the best place for a mornin' bath."

Then the headman raised his voice, the Krooboy broke out into a wild chant as they leaned over the bending paddles, and the foam boiled high on either bow as the boat leaped forward. Presently she swept aloft with a snowy smother spouting above the gunwale; then the paddles whirled together and she swooped wildly down into the black hollow beyond. Again she rose, and this time half a ton of yeasty water poured in over the stern, and the white men dashed the spray from their eyes and gazed

at the liquid walls rolling between them and the thundering beach.

"We're in for it now, and must face it out," said the Mate hoarsely, and the Engineer nodded with the light of battle in his eyes. Again the headman shouted, and a wild outburst of yelling and whistling followed. The paddles dipped together, and the boat was swept madly forward on the crest of a breaker half hidden in a mass of curling foam, while the helmsman gasped out unheeded orders, and bent himself double over the sculling oar. For a moment or two the white men held their breath; then there was a shivering crash and a cataract of spray fell upon them; the boat's keel ground deep into the sand and the backwash roared against her bows. A dozen Krooboy boys leaped over the gunwale; officers and white seamen were carried beyond the reach of the ebbing wave; and before the next breaker poured its mile-long ridge upon the sand the surf-boat was run up high and dry.

"All's well that ends well, and now for the Custom-House," said the Mate. Side by side the two officers hurried up the beach, the one gripping a revolver and the other an antiquated brass-hilted thing he called a claymore; but there was neither sound nor sign of life as they brushed through the dewy banana leaves towards the smouldering ruin.

"Them Krooboy devils has all gone, sir," said the Quartermaster, a few paces in advance, and the white men came out from the gloom of the dripping palm fronds. A faint voice cried "Help!" and starting at the sound the newcomers turned their heads and saw a sight which at first moved them to pity, and afterwards to hearty laughter.

The black Customs official, his gaudy uniform stained with mould

and drenched with dew, was leaning limply against a palm-stem to which he had been loosely bound, while the two black clerks, with terror-stricken faces, occupied a similar position near by. Some woolly-haired savage, by way of a joke, had jammed a battered silk hat over his eyes, and tied a roll of landing-permits about his neck. The officer made no pretence of importance now; he was in a state of hopeless collapse.

"Been having a bad time," said the Mate removing the hat; "but why don't you get out of those lashings?"

"I am fast hand and foot. I call you to witness," gasped the wretched Liberian. "My rascally men deserted me, but we made a heroic resistance,—the clerks and I."

"Havers, man, havers," said the Engineer chuckling; "they draggit ye oot from aneath a couch maist likely."

"You must enjoy being tied up, at any rate," added the Mate, "for any child could wriggle that lashing slack. Get up on your feet."

The Liberian with pretended effort cast off the ropes, and desiring to stalk forward with the air of a wounded gladiator failed miserably in the attempt.

"Every sign of a heroic resistance," said the Mate; "rifles thrown away,—as I thought, they were in too great a hurry even to pull the trigger; here's a cartridge in the breech." Then he laughed and pointed to a little machine-gun which lay upside down among the trailing yams, and he noticed there was no fouling about the muzzle. "Sentries asleep, I suppose, and as usual the quarter-civilised black soldier bolted at first sight of the foe. The savage is always braver than the negro of the settlements," he added.

The Quartermaster now came up.

"Them niggers has been holdin' a high class barbecue, sir," he said; and the Mate laughed again as he approached the spot where a bonfire had been made of the furniture and stationery. The remains of a sumptuous feast lay around. Empty bottles of Worcester sauce, tomato catsup, and Hamburg gin showed that the beverages had been curiously assorted. Scraps of pickled mess-beef, with which somebody's unequalled pomade had evidently been used as a condiment, lay about among empty tins of metal polish and oil-ground rottenstone.

"The niggers ain't partickler as to mixin' their drinks," said a grinning seaman. "Jamaica rum and Worcester sauce for a likoor, an' ships' bread with rottenstone for desert."

The officers nodded a smiling approval; they knew that whatever comes out of a tin is considered edible by the Krooboy. Then the Mate, turning his eyes seawards, saw a puff of white steam mingle with the yellow smoke rising from the Dunlin's funnel; it was now broad daylight, and the hoot of the whistle warned him that the Captain was growing impatient.

"Take me on to Sinou; you won't leave me here to be murdered," gasped the Liberian.

"No," said the Mate; "if you like to chance landing on Sinou beach we'll stop for you. There's ten minutes for you to find your men in;" and officer and clerks disappeared into the bush.

Then a young French lad from a neighbouring factory entered the compound. He had heard no noise in the night, but had just seen the smoke. The Mate explained, and asked after his acquaintance the agent.

"Ah," said the lad, "the poor Chatrian he die—how you call him?"

—dysentery, and Canot he go back ver' sick; but you dejeune wit' us!"

The Mate refused courteously, and while they stood laughing together the representative of the Liberian Republic returned, his dozen men following sheepishly behind him with neither scratch nor scar.

"The Krooboy he will not hurt us, *bon voyage*," said the young Frenchman raising his hat, and the big surf-boat went out on the backwash of a sea. Half swamped and battered she recrossed the breakers, and in due time shot alongside the Dunlin.

"They took us by surprise. We have drilled the soldiers on the Prussian system, and do not look for a foe that swims, climbs the verandah posts, and

drops from the thatch without a noise," said the Liberian when he related what had happened on board the steamer. "But we made a heroic resistance."

"Heroic fiddlesticks! Tell that to the Monrovia's or the marines," answered Captain Orme. "This is not the first time the wily savage has been one too many for the Republic."

Then the windlass panted and rattled, the cable came clanking home, and presently the Dunlin steamed out across the flashing swell, and so westwards until the palm-clad bluff and thundering beach faded away into the azure distance.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

ONLY yesterday the heavens were veiled with hurrying grey clouds, and torrents of rain, all day driven before a roaring south-westerly gale, blurred the green rolling hills and seamed the roads with water-courses and levelled uncut grass in the meadows; wind and rain holding a carnival which to anyone outside Connaught would suggest a recurrence of the Deluge, but is optimistically described by local experience as a "soft day." But to-day the new-washed sky is of an Italian blue; and all the countryside of O'Rourke's and O'Reilly's ancient sovereignty laughs with a light and clearness and colour that no dweller in the hazy midland shires of England has ever dreamed of,—from bogs of purple and rich brown, and untrimmed hedges luxuriant with honeysuckle and wild rose, to the far blue mountains that span the northern horizon between the head-waters of Shannon and Erne.

Many an anxious eye has been watching for the signs of a fine morning,—none of your days when as the local prophets predict "it'll *either* rain or be fine," but a real spell of July sunshine. Not indeed from any consuming desire to commence those farming operations which every prudent man postpones as long as may be, knowing that once hay-making begins true peace of mind is fled; and indeed the Connaught peasant, be he Catholic or Protestant, is apt to think that even in July your wise man is best using the fleeting hour when he sits "on the back of a ditch" by the high-road, cheering himself and passers-by with the reflection that it is "a grand day, glory be to God." To-day, at

any rate, base industry is forgotten. For it is the twelfth of July; when all Protestant Ireland, wherever fifty souls can be mustered to make a procession or "walk," assembles in its thousands to celebrate the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of King William the Third, and the great victory of the Boyne Water. Orangism, it is true, has only a sentimental connexion with the Prince of Orange and the Boyne; it is, as everyone knows, a plant of much later growth, dating its birth from the last years of the eighteenth century. The Twelfth is the anniversary not of the Boyne but of Aughrim; but to the true Orangeman mere chronological details are naught. Nothing would ever convince him, at least in the rural districts, that King William did not on the very battlefield sign and seal with his own hand the constitution of the Orange Society, and the Penal Laws which for more than a century made the Catholic no better than a serf of the Protestant. Now, therefore, will he adorn himself like Solomon in all his glory, with a blue necktie of extraordinary magnificence, enwrought with a pictured representation of the victorious monarch on a prancing white charger, and an orange sash which is only on this day exposed to the gaze of the uninitiated public,—a garment compared to which all the bravery of Freemasonry is pale and ineffectual. Now shall the Dorian and Phrygian moods of drums and fifes and brazen instruments proclaim that they have not in vain made night hideous for the last two months with their practising, and the welkin shall

ring to the familiar airs of *Derry Walls* (England and Scotland, knowing no better, call it *Auld Lang Syne*) and *Protestant Boys*. The tune (an expression necessitated by the poverty of the English language) of the latter is of respectable antiquity, being none other than *Lillibullero* as whistled by Uncle Toby and many another ancient worthy,—

Lero, lero, lillibulero,
Lillibulero, bullen a la—

for which Protestant Ireland now reads :

Protestant Boys are never afraid
To walk in daylight with an Orange
cockade.

Nor is there any reason why they should be afraid.

This is not, it is true, the Black North properly speaking, where Protestants and Presbyterians largely outnumber Papists. In this debateable land, lying between Ulster and Connaught (and, as its enemies say, partaking of the vices of both), the reformed faith numbers only about one votary in seven. Here is in fact an outpost of Orangeism, which, a few miles further west, is practically non-existent for lack of numerical support ; but what with contingents from adjacent districts there are quite enough to make a gallant show, while at the same time a certain zest and piquancy is added to the display by the sense present to every local Orangeman's mind that he is, as it were, testifying like the martyrs of old in the midst of a stiff-necked generation. He is in a minority, which like all minorities in Ireland, is nothing if not militant ; and all the more militant because of its firm, if purely theoretical, conviction that the Papist population is ready at a word to rise and repeat the horrors of Ninety-Eight. Rustic Orangeism holds this comfortable doc-

trine as an article of faith ; but fortunately like many another article of faith it is quite unsupported by practical experience, and does not in the smallest degree influence the ordinary relations of life. Except in theory, Papist and Protestant are perfectly good friends. Certain conventions must be observed : traditional etiquette requires that Orange bands shall not insult the ears of particular town-lands with the sound of their drums and fifes ; and violations of these unwritten rules have occasionally led to what are locally designated "Strokes." But the two sections of the population, alien to each other as they are in race, are yet united by the similarity of their habits and of the principles which govern their social and commercial dealings ; by every tie, in fact, short of intermarriage, which is comparatively rare, and community of religion. Johnsons, Wilsons, Bells, and Armstrongs, whose forefathers were imported two centuries ago from Westmorland and Cumberland, live in complete amity with the representatives of septs that have starved and squabbled on these rushy hills since the days of Brian Borioimhe and earlier ; with O'Rourke's, whose forbears were mixed up with the complications which led to Strongbow's invasion, and O'Briens, who "had their own boat instead of the Ark." As for the Roman Catholic majority, it regards the proceedings of the Twelfth with no animosity whatever. It works in a desultory way, and takes no notice ; consoling itself with the reflection that heretics are only adding another item to the bill which will have to be paid in the next world, and that after all the Ould Religion will have its own procession, with green banners instead of orange ones, on the fifteenth of August.

The climax of every Orange Walk is the convergence of representatives

from various Lodges on foot or car or horse-back, with drums beating and banners flying, at some rendezvous in an open field generally close to a town or village. Here loyal Protestantism is rewarded for its dusty journey of any distance, from one to ten miles, over roads usually villainous, by copious and inflammatory addresses and draughts of what is called ginger-beer (for Orangeism is in theory closely allied with temperance), equally copious and, to judge by the demeanour of those who have well drunk, equally inflammatory; and for the inside of a day peace is banished from the ordinary placid life of a western town,—every village in Connaught being a town, except when it is a city.

Of such villages that of Kildonnell is a typical specimen. It consists of a single street of some sixty dirty-white houses, all built on the Irish square box pattern, with a door that does not shut, two windows that do not open, and a luxuriant meadow growing on the thatched roof,—a street of which the denizens usually most in evidence are pigs, dogs, and poultry, besides seven or eight strapping members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, a ridiculously disproportionate garrison for a district which is practically innocent of serious crime. But to-day Kildonnell is making holiday. Pigs and chickens have been either trodden out of existence or “hunted out of that”; the seven or eight warriors are multiplied threefold by reinforcements from adjoining stations; the street is spanned by a triumphal arch displaying the legend *cade melia faltha*,—apparently a strictly phonetic version of the familiar *cead mile failthe* (a hundred thousand welcomes) with which Ireland is wont to salute her guests. Beneath this erection surges a dense mass of male and female humanity,—women in their Sunday best, men in orange caps and scarves—

all wending more or less directly to the field where the meeting is being held. Band after band sweeps into the grassy area; loyal fifes scream discordantly; loyal drums are battered till they crack,—yet still are beaten. There is a convenient line of trees along one side of the field, a shelter for weary horses; along another runs an old ivied park wall, and the gateway is flanked by massive stone posts bearing heraldic devices,—a strange contrast to the mixed multitude that comes crowding through. For this field was once part of a great man's domain; and a mile away stands among green woods,—woods of recent growth, for the venerable oaks that once were there fell long ago beneath the desperate axes of impecunious owners—the grey ruin of a mansion which, in local parlance, was an “odious fine place entirely in the old ancient times.”

Perhaps the whole scene is typical of the forces which have tended to make and unmake in Irish history. If it is to Protestant Ulster that we must look for the powers which shall create a new Ireland, no less is that ruin among its untended woods a memorial of changes that have passed and are still passing over the face of the country. A great house it was once; no mere squires built that banquet hall or laid out those broad terraces of which the outline is still clearly discernible. It must have played no small part as a centre for county society in the days when there was still a resident gentry in the land. Tradition still exists of its hospitality a century ago, when its owner entertained the reigning Viceroy, and the avenue was “gravelled with wheat” for his reception; and in earlier days Swift may have dined in that deserted hall and paced those weed-grown lawns; for that blue hill only fifteen miles away is Cuileac,

under whose shadow lies the house and place which still has its memories of the great Dean. But beyond picturesque anecdotes of avenues gravelled with wheat, definite tradition or history of the rulers of this great domain is lost and forgotten. It would be a sad story enough, the tale of this Castle Rackrent. They reigned in great glory, and the thriftless extravagance of one generation brought embarrassment to the next, but not more economy. Agrarian and political troubles did their work; so the trees went first, and then the house had to be abandoned, and the family scattered to the four winds of heaven. Lands indeed could be sold; but who would buy a house big enough for fifty people, with nothing in a deserted countryside to attract a purchaser? So the roof rotted in the rain, and the walls crumbled, and even a caretaker could not live there; till now the old stones are left with no tenant but the ghost of their departed greatness and the dying memory of a name. No district in Ireland but has such monuments of fallen splendour to show. It is different with English mansions. The old stock disappears, perhaps, but capital steps in to replace it, and the great house takes a new lease of life under a changed order. But the eyes of Ireland are still on the vanishing past, on no possible consolation of the future. The bearer of an honoured name disappears in a far land, or sinks in his own to the condition of a peasant; the green leaves die and none are born after them; and even Romance turns sadly away.

No such gloomy meditation, however occupy the minds of loyal Orangemen on the Twelfth. The fierce joys of the present are enough for them; and what more delightful than to stand for hours beneath a July sun in the society of all your

friends and acquaintances, while your breast swells with a consciousness of a patriotic duty performed, and your ears are tickled now by the combined din of some thirty bands all discoursing different tunes, now by perfervid oratory from the red-draped platform in the centre of the field? Verily he would be a hard man to please who should not be satisfied with this. Most of the speakers on the platform are clerical. Ever since the Disestablishment, it being obviously necessary that the pastor who is fed by his flock should cultivate their tastes, the younger Protestant clergy have identified themselves with the Orange movement and appear willingly on Orange platforms, just as their Romanist brethren are ready to air their oratory at Nationalist meetings, "leading the people," as has been said, "very much as a horse leads a cart." This is in every way gratifying to their hearers; for in the first place it adds the religious element without which to the true Irish Protestant no entertainment is complete; and next, Teuton as he is, he has caught something of the Celt's appreciation of rhetoric; and of his own nature he is a born critic of rival preachers, like his cousin the Lowland Scot whom in many respects he resembles. Indeed, this audience that gathers round an unctuous little minister as he discourses loyal and religious platitudes, has not much outwardly in common with the Papist of Ireland. Strapping and stalwart, stout youths and tall, broad-shouldered men, these sons of Anak from the blood of the dalesmen of Northern England are physically a far superior race to the average Roman Catholic of the West. One's first thought is, what a regiment they would make, compared with the narrow-chested Board School boys to whom Britain entrusts the keeping of her empire! Here you have the type

of the old Crimean soldiery, "men of tall stature, sinewy frame, well-chiselled features, keen glance, and elastic figure," men too with something of a Cromwellian temper in them. As a matter of fact, not a man of them ever dreams of enlisting, no more than in any other part of rural Ireland. The idea does not occur to them; if it is suggested they say candidly that they are afraid of being "kilt." But they are keen to get into the Irish Constabulary or the London Police, where the pay is of course higher and the prospect of being "kilt" (or at least of being killed, which is not the same thing) is more remote.

But now the speeches have come to an end, and the thirty bands once more begin their thirty different tunes before marching off the ground;—one, even more loyal than the rest, attempting *God Save the Queen*, an air which does not somehow lend itself to a drum *obligato* accompaniment. Men and women, cracked drums, banners inscribed with *No Surrender*, and babies in orange caps, are stacked on cars; the whole posse crowds pell mell through the gate out into the village street. Here the air is heavy with much whisky and porter (the theoretical temperance rule aforesaid being only co-extensive with the limits of the field) and redolent of holiday-making humanity. Among all the horses and vehicles, often guided by a hand none too sure, one would think that there was danger of being trampled under foot; but nothing untoward happens; the crowd, unassisted by the police, who remain prudently away from the scene of action, gets itself disentangled at length. Thirsty manhood, divided between the invitation of friends to "have another half-one" (Anglice, half a glass of whisky) and the adjurations of its womankind to "take advice and come

home," does at last fairly start on the road. So they all wend their way home, horse and foot, till the recording angel has dropped his last tear over the last expressed desire that all past, present, and future Popes of Rome may be found eventually "with their heads in a whinbush": in Kildonnell street, pigs, poultry, and police resume their ancient solitary reign; and the melancholy spirit of the land, so closely in harmony with the genius of the visionary Celt, is troubled no more by the vain janglings of an alien race.

You cannot help these displays; between the Irish Sea and the Atlantic, wherever a society exists, there must be processions and banners. But what end, it may be asked, is served by the existence of an Orange Society? Does it not feed discord and rivet the links of bigotry? Perhaps it is a dangerous element in large towns,—that is, in one large town, Belfast. But the rural Papist is not in these days at all likely to be offended by its demonstrations. As to bigotry, well, the Irish Protestant is a bigot by force of temper and circumstances already, and was one before Orangeism existed. Indeed, the Orangemen's rules enjoin charity to all men, even Roman Catholics. But even were it not so (and the spirit of the rules is certainly sometimes neglected), there is after all a good deal to be said for healthy intolerance. An impartial and dispassionate temper is wont to be the parent of inaction. Anything deserves to be kept alive which tends to isolate the stronger race, and save it from being absorbed, as so many conquerors of Ireland have been absorbed, into the weaker majority. For the Celtic spirit, whatever politicians may say and even believe, will never make Ireland a nation.

A. D. GODLEY.

WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY?

THE history and constitution of our Universities is always an interesting subject, but it assumes an exceptional importance at the present day, when new Universities are springing up all about us. Now, if ever, a true understanding of the nature of the institutions called Universities is indispensable as a guide to the action of those who are responsible for laying down the lines of future development; and the recent appearance of Mr. Rashdall's learned work on the Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages,¹—a work which throws new and much needed light on the whole question—is therefore exceedingly well-timed.

Even to many who have themselves been at Oxford or Cambridge it may seem an idle thing to ask the meaning of the word *university*. Does not everybody know that a University is a place where a number of young men spend three terms a year in the pursuit of knowledge and its rewards, and in the enjoyment of those delightful accompaniments of learning which render Oxford and Cambridge the most charming of young men's clubs? Is not a University a city of beautiful and venerable buildings, of spreading lawns and shading trees, where the river, the cricket-field, troops of friends, and all the myriad enchantments of youth go to swell the happiness of a life which is not all redolent of midnight oil and musty books,—a life filled with echoes of

youthful laughter, of music and song, a life full of richness and colour, the memory of which warms the heart of the staid man of middle age, who has once enjoyed it? Such is the picture which rises in the mind of most of us when the word *university* is spoken; and it is not altogether a false picture. What son of Oxford or Cambridge who has known how to take advantage of his privileges can ever speak of those years without a touch of emotion,—those years so deeply enjoyed and so warmly remembered? To malign the University is to confess that one's career there was a failure; to give the University even more than its due meed of honour, and to close one's eyes to its defects, is more than pardonable in one who has derived from it benefits which cannot be enumerated in words and which defy exact analysis.

And yet, familiar as all this is, there are comparatively few people who could give a really satisfactory definition of a University, or say what it essentially is. There is perhaps no word which is more generally misunderstood than this; and it unfortunately happens that one particular misconception is not unlikely to have a mischievous effect in hindering the project which is now in the air for establishing a great University in the Midlands; a project, let me add, which every year is bringing more and more within the range of practical politics, and which has quite recently received a new impulse from the Act of Parliament incorporating Mason College, Birmingham, under the title

¹ THE UNIVERSITIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES; by Hastings Rashdall, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. Clarendon Press, 1895.

of Mason University College, and also from the largely increased Treasury grant awarded this year to the various University Colleges of the country. The Report of the Commissioners appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to enquire into the character and quality of the work done by these Colleges should act as a powerful encouragement to the scheme for uniting the Colleges of the Midlands into an organic whole, bearing ample testimony, as it does, to the high ideals of teaching and research which they are pursuing, and their general fitness for University privileges, in cases where such privileges are still withheld. "These Colleges," say the Commissioners, "are becoming, more and more, so many homes and rallying points of science and learning, offering, moreover, opportunities of advanced work and research . . . and altogether in some measure doing in England, for higher studies, what has been done with so much success in Germany by her many Universities."

The popular error to which I have alluded as standing in the way of any scheme for the creation of a new local University, is based, like so many other popular errors, upon a supposed etymology. *University* it is commonly said, denotes *universality*, and a seat of learning which is not universal in one sense or another cannot be a true University: a true University must be either a seat of universal learning, or a universal seat of learning, as existing for the whole kingdom, or both. From this point of view it appears doubtful to some people whether a Midland University would be anything better than a contradiction in terms. Now this line of argument is unfair in several ways to the ideals which the promoters of the Midland University have in mind; but what I wish to call attention to at the present moment is that the ety-

mology on which it is founded is entirely unsound. *University* and *universality* are no doubt related by a certain family connexion; but they are very far from being the same either etymologically or in meaning. From the Latin adjective *universus* (whole) comes a noun *universitas*, and also, by a different line of derivation, an adjective *universalis*, from which again is formed the noun *universalitas*. It is impossible, therefore, to derive *universitas* from *universalitas*, though both of them come from the same source. Let us now turn to the positive side of the matter. If *university* does not mean *universality*, what does it mean? The answer is a question of historical fact, which can only be solved by diligent search into the usage of the word at various stages of its history. Mr. Rashdall has shown, what indeed was already known to philologists, that the word *universitas*, as used in the Middle Ages, denoted no more than *association* or *community*, or what is the same thing, *guild*; for a guild is an association or corporation of men belonging to the same class or engaged in the same pursuits, formed for mutual aid and protection. That is just what a University essentially is.

The abstract noun formed from an adjective denoting *whole* must of course denote *wholeness*, *totality*, or *unity*; and the learned Universities founded towards the end of the twelfth century in Europe were simply scholastic unions,—that is bodies of teachers or students bound together by the possession of certain common rights and privileges into a *whole*. But there were other Universities in those days besides the scholastic Universities. Every association of men, formed for mutual protection, whether as citizens or traders, or members of a common social or religious society, was called a University (*Universitas*). In addressing such a community, the

writer, or speaker, usually commences with the words *Universitas vestra*, which means "you, the associated members of this community." A municipality was commonly called a University; a guild of artisans or traders was called a University; the Oxford Union Society, if it had existed in those days and had been established by an act of incorporation, would have been called a University. In fact, *universitas* is the word for guild, community, or association. The communities of students or teachers at towns like Bologna, or Paris, or Oxford, bore, therefore, a name which did not originally connote their learning or their scholastic character, but the mere fact that they were united into a brotherhood with legal rights. At first the word was always qualified by the addition of a genitive, which showed what particular kind of guild was meant; for example, "*Universitas scholarium* (guild of students)" or "*Universitas magistrorum* (guild of teachers)." The modern sense of the word *university* as a guild of learning is thus an interesting example of the survival of a word in a limited sense. For some reason or other, probably the decay of the other kinds of guilds, *university* (without a genitive) came to mean a guild of learning only.

Of course it is quite open to anyone to reply that the historical origin of a word does not always furnish a clue to its present meaning, and that nowadays the word *university* has come to connote the attributes of *universality*. But how can this contention be maintained in the face of the fact that of the hundred and more Universities now existing in Europe, no less than twelve exist in the United Kingdom, twenty in Germany, twenty in Italy, and so forth; and that of these hundred and more Universities several are deficient in more than one

faculty? A little consideration will show that universality is no part of the connotation of the term, whether as applied to the existence of these institutions for the whole country or to the all embracing scope of their studies. A great University should of course be catholic in its spirit, and this catholicity is an attribute which need not be absent from a Midland University; but that a University must necessarily draw students from all parts of the country and teach all subjects of study is a contention supported neither by history nor by present fact. In the Middle Ages the term *universitas* was so far from denoting a school of universal learning that it was less comprehensive even than a single faculty. The Faculty of Law at Bologna included in itself two Universities, that of the *Citramontani* and that of the *Ultramontani*, and at an earlier date probably four. The students of Arts and Medicine at Bologna formed separate Universities, which were of later origin than the Universities of Law. For over a century and a half there was no Faculty of Theology at Bologna. Nor did *universitas* denote a school in which students from all parts were received; on the contrary, each of the four, seven, or eight Universities which existed at different times in the city of Bologna was limited to students from one particular part of the world. The term which marks Bologna as the seat of schools frequented by students from all parts of the world is not *universitas*, but *studium generale*. The adjective *generale* (general or common), therefore, denoted a certain kind of universality, but not universality of studies; for few medieval *studia generalia* possessed all the faculties. The noun *universitas* did not denote any kind of universality at all.

The twelve existing British Univer-

sities belong to four different types.

(1) Oxford and Cambridge, which are teaching Universities in the full sense of the term, as having a body of professors, whose function and whose sole function it is to teach. Side by side with these Universities there exist a number of Colleges, also teaching institutions, each of which is an independent corporation, owing, theoretically at any rate, no legal obligation to obey the statutes of the University. These Colleges sprang up later than the University under whose ægis they flourish, and were originally intended simply as places of residence for students attending the University lectures, not as themselves teaching institutions; but gradually teaching functions were added and developed on a large scale, so that at the present day the Colleges by their wealth and importance to some extent eclipse the University which gave rise to them. (2) The four Scottish Universities of St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and the Universities of Dublin and Durham. These also are teaching Universities, but they differ from Oxford and Cambridge in having no longer Colleges distinct from the University. Many of these Universities have at some period of their history had Colleges, existing side by side with them; but the Colleges have in all such cases been merged in the University, or the University in the College. Thus for instance, Glasgow once had a College, called the *Pædagogium*, founded in 1460, ten years after the University; and Trinity College, Dublin, has been called the *Mater Universitatis*. (3) The University of London and the Royal Irish University; these are in no sense teaching Universities, but only examining and degree-giving Universities. (4) The Victoria University and the University of Wales; these are not teaching

Universities in the same sense as Oxford or Cambridge, but Universities of teaching Colleges. Their sole functions (as distinct from the functions of their constituent Colleges) are to prescribe courses of study, and to grant degrees, mostly on the basis of examination. There are no University lectures, and the only teaching which students receive is in the Colleges. These two Universities, therefore, occupy a peculiar position; the University has in each case sprung up later than the Colleges which are its constituents, whereas at Oxford and Cambridge the University existed before the Colleges were dreamed of; and in both these modern creations the University may be regarded as a function of the Colleges in their associated aspect.

To these twelve British Universities we may soon have to add a thirteenth, a fourteenth, and a fifteenth. The scheme for a teaching University of London is, it may be hoped, in a fair way of becoming an accomplished fact. With the scheme for a new Catholic University in Ireland, national in character and in touch with the aspirations of the Irish people, the Government has already expressed its sympathy. It is surely then an impossible contention that the Midlands should for ever remain in the position of being the only part of Great Britain which is possessed of Colleges of University rank and which is nevertheless excluded from participation in University privileges. The importance of the right to grant degrees in furthering the development of local Colleges as homes of science and learning and centres of the higher intellectual life, has been recently emphasised by the Commissioners, and it is clear that their sympathy would be accorded to a scheme for a Midland University. This is not the place in which to discuss the precise form of organisation

which such a University should adopt ; but there can be no doubt that among the four types enumerated above the organisers of the new University will be able to select the one most suited to the conditions and circumstances of the locality ; or they may be able, by selecting and combining features derived from more than one source, to create a University of a somewhat new type, which would be all the more likely on that account to carry with it an immediate claim on the sympathies of the district and the country generally.

There are, however, two points in regard to which it may be safe to predict the future form of the Midland University. In the first place, it is certain to differ in one important matter from the great medieval Universities ; in the second place, it must differ to some extent from Universities of the Scottish type.

In speaking of the associations of students or teachers which formed the medieval Universities, I advisedly used the conjunction *or*. Strange as it may seem, the oldest Universities were not communities of students *and* teachers, but communities of *either* students *or* teachers ; and the oldest and most famous of the Italian Universities, the University of Bologna, founded towards the end of the twelfth century, was a University of students and not of teachers. The teachers were excluded from the University, which consisted of students alone. Not that Bologna was not a teaching University ; the student-association engaged the services of professors for the delivery of lectures, and the students were good enough to attend those lectures ; but they permitted to the professors no rights in their University, not even a vote in the election of their Rector. So far the same custom prevails in the Scottish Universities to the present day ; but at Bologna matters went

much further than this. There the professor was reduced to a state of subjection which is hardly credible, and which certainly presents a startling contrast to the present position of the Scottish professors. As Mr. Rashdall tells us, the professors had to take an oath of obedience to the students' Rector and to all regulations which the University might impose upon them. At any moment their lectures might be interrupted by a summons to appear before the Rector. They were not permitted to absent themselves from the town without the consent of the students and their Rector, and they had also to deposit a sum of money as a security for their return, in cases when leave of absence was granted. They were fined twenty *solidi* if their lectures had not begun as the bell of St. Peter's rang for mass ; they were fined if they continued to lecture one minute after the bell had begun to ring for tierce. Moreover the students were required, under penalty of a fine of ten *solidi*, not to remain in the lecture-room after the bell had begun, but, if the lecture was not then concluded, to go their several ways. Even in the mode of conducting his lectures the professor was bound down by hard and fast rules, backed up by fines. He was fined if he skipped a chapter, fined if he postponed a difficulty to the end of the lecture (lest this should be used as a mere excuse for evading the difficult point altogether). No wonder that, as Mr. Rashdall says, students were generally more eager to learn than professors were to teach. Think of the note-books filled with calculations of the fines incurred by the unfortunate professor, to be reported to the Rector and to be defrayed out of the scanty fees paid by the students, which were at first the sole source of the professor's income. If we ask for the origin of this anomalous state of

things, Mr. Rashdall supplies the answer. The University of Bologna was originally a guild of foreign students, Germans, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Englishmen, and Italians from other parts of Italy. The Bologna students were a mere sprinkling. Now an Italian city was pre-eminently a place in which the foreigner needed protection; in those days he enjoyed no civic rights in the city of his sojourn beyond the most elementary protection to life and liberty; for example, he could not appear as a party in a court of law. In these circumstances it became eminently desirable for the large body of foreigners studying at Bologna to secure for themselves a kind of artificial citizenship in the city of their sojourn. Such a *civitas in civitate* was the association called the *Universitas*, which protected its members from the exactions of grasping lodging-house keepers, from hostile legislation on the part of the municipality, and from the brutality of the mob. The student-guild was tolerated by the civic community in consideration of the commercial prosperity which it conferred on the town; and the weapon in its hands was the threat of migration,—a threat which was often put into execution. When we remember the large number of the students at Bologna (some six thousand or more at the time of its greatest prosperity) and the high social position and influence of some of them (dignitaries of the Church were often among their number), we begin to understand how strong such a University might become, especially when supported by the authority of the Pope. At the same time we see why the professors, who were generally Bolognese by birth or permanent settlement in the town, had no need of such protection, and indeed could hardly have accepted it without forfeiting their rights as citizens of Bologna. Thus they remained outside

the University, being merely its paid servants.

Such was a medieval Student-University. If we turn to Paris or Oxford, on the other hand, we find a precisely opposite state of affairs. Here the University originated in an association of teachers, masters, doctors, or regents, not of students. It was the professors who had leagued themselves together for mutual protection, and with them all real power rested. These and similar Universities may, therefore, be called Master-Universities, as distinct from Universities like Bologna. Nowadays, of course, an Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate is a member of the University; but this could hardly have been the case in any real sense of the term in the earliest days. In the twelfth century when the University of Oxford was founded, and early in the thirteenth century, when the University of Cambridge was founded through a migration from Oxford,¹ the students could not have been, strictly speaking, members of the University, though the Legatine Ordinance of 1214, by which the University of Oxford was reinstated after the great migration and received its first charter of privileges, recognised the existence of students, and secured for them certain rights at the hands of the citizens.

It is obvious that no such separation of professors and students into two distinct bodies with hostile interests would be tolerated in any modern University; and the Midland University must be an association of professors *and* students, not of professors *or* students.

In regard to the second point, the special conditions of the case make it highly probable that the Midland University will be a Federal University, embracing more than one College, and

¹ In the year 1209; see Rashdall, ii., 2, 349.

will therefore differ in organisation from the general type of the Scottish Universities. There are at least three cities in the Midland district which have Colleges of University rank, but not possessed of University powers,—Birmingham, Bristol and Nottingham—and the whole district concerned has resources of wealth and influence which give all its parts a claim to participation in the new University. This point was hardly present to the mind of the late Sir John Seeley, when he delivered his eloquent address on “A Great Midland University,” in Birmingham ten years ago. Probably the conditions of the problem had hardly developed themselves with perfect clearness of outline in those days. But everyone interested in the Midland University must be intensely grateful to Professor Seeley for the boldness and clearness with which he grasped some of the essential conditions of the problem, and especially for his vigorous protest against the assumption that because we cannot set up in the Midlands a University exactly like Oxford and Cambridge in material beauty and splendour, we cannot therefore set up a true University at all. The essential feature of a University is not a collection of magnificent buildings, or even any building at all. Many a German University contents itself with a single plain building; many of the mediæval Universities had originally no buildings at all, the instruction being given in private houses. Nor does it follow that because we cannot, and do not desire to imitate in the Midlands the duplication of teaching functions which marks the present system of Oxford and Cambridge, and which puts those Universities into a wholly exceptional and abnormal position if judged by the standard of all the other Universities of Europe, we cannot therefore resemble Oxford and

Cambridge at all, or reproduce any of the features which have given them so strong a hold on the affections of the country.

The essential features of a University are well summed up by Mr. Rashdall in these words: “The two most essential functions which a true University has to perform, and which all Universities have more or less discharged amid the widest possible variety of system and method and organisation, are to make possible the life of study, whether for a few years or during a whole career, and to bring together during that period, face to face in living intercourse, teacher and teacher, teacher and student, student and student.” In other words, the true University secures for its professors the opportunity of leading the intellectual life and of contributing not merely to the conservation and diffusion of knowledge, but also to its advancement; and for its students the opportunity of coming into contact with the best knowledge of the time, and also of learning from one another those lessons which can only be learnt from the intercourse of the club, the debating society, and the playing-grounds. This life of the University cannot be fully realised by a College not participating in the power of granting degrees; for such a College must necessarily prepare its students for external examinations, and external examinations are inconsistent with the full enjoyment of what in Germany is called *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit*, freedom in teaching and freedom in learning. This essential feature of the higher student-life has been recently emphasised by Mr. Balfour in his speech on the proposed Catholic University for Ireland, when he said that he was more and more impressed with the disadvantages from an educational point of view of divorcing the function of examining

from the function of teaching, as it is divorced at present under the system of the Royal Irish University.

If the foundations of the Midland University are securely laid on these lines, there is no danger of its sinking into a merely parochial institution. It has been shown that *universality* is no part of the meaning of the word *university*; but if the opposite of *universal* be *parochial*, then there is much in the ideal of those who plead for the universality of Universities with which I sympathise. The Midland University ought to bear a national character like the old *studia generalia*, and to be, what few of these medieval *studia* were, a University possessed of a full complement of Faculties. The curriculum of studies at present pursued in the Midland Colleges is a sufficient guarantee that the Midland University will not be lacking in those features of a generous catholicity which mark the highest type of University of the present day.

But whatever subjects we teach, it should be remembered that a University which is worthy of the name ought to be a centre of light on all the questions of the day, a workshop in which new ideas are forged, and where, through the subtle interaction of mind upon mind, they emerge into clear consciousness and shape them-

selves in discoveries, in inventions, in systems, for the benefit of the world at large. The professors must not be too heavily burdened in preparing students for examination and examining them. They must have time to think, time to make their lectures really worthy of the highest class of students. If they do so, students will be attracted even from distant parts; if they have no opportunity of doing so, not only will they lose that for the sake of which they have chosen the career of a professor, but the University will lose its chance of developing into a truly national institution.

Let us contemplate rather the consummation of the hopes of men like Professor Seeley, when he said: "If in this way several new Universities should spring up, full of fresh life and spontaneity, and created not by the mere caprice of some private founder or the intervention of the State, but by a spontaneous demand and a gradual ripening of public opinion, and therefore no mere imitation of Universities founded in the past, but freely and wisely planned to meet the wants of the new time, is it not evident that such an occurrence will be one of the grandest in the history of English culture?"

E. A. SONNENSCHIN.

MONSIEUR LE COLONEL

ALTHOUGH not so fine a looking man as Monsieur le Général nor so amusing as the Commandant, nor so rich as Monsieur Clément, the Colonel was, nevertheless, the one whom we all loved most. He was the universal favourite, from Madame Lecour down to Victor, who used to polish his boots to that degree of brightness that the Colonel could quite easily have made his careful toilet in their glittering surface instead of in his mirror. He was old: with the exception of Madame la Comtesse, he was the oldest person in the *pension*; but the burden of his years sat not too heavily upon his still upright shoulders. His moustache and hair were snow white, but his dark eyes had some of the fire that must have made them irresistibly bright half a century ago. We all offered him the homage of our affection, but it was from Estelle Crane that he accepted it most freely. Their friendship indeed was quite touching. It was cemented, if indeed it was not founded, by a nasty rejoinder made by Madame la Comtesse, who was never known to say an agreeable thing when it were possible to say a disagreeable one. Estelle was an American, who had drifted into our *pension* along with her mother whom she was leading around Europe. We liked Americans, especially if they were young and pretty, because they used to tell us with such charming frankness how they did everything better at home than we did, and yet that they were always eager to come and see our inferior land and observe our inefficient ways.

Estelle was seventeen years old,

and she was just learning in a hurry those few things which had been omitted in her college course. One of these things was the French language. However, she had great industry and the daring of her nationality, so she soon made an attempt at conversation. Estelle and her mother had been to the Louvre where there used to be a whole suite of relics of the first Napoleon. Those relics are all swept away now, but if Napoleon could arise from his tomb at the Invalides, we should see all France clamouring after him, shouting to be led to another Essling and Friedland; but this is mere idle vapouring and has nothing to do with Estelle. Well, she came back from the Louvre one day, after having steeped her soul in relics, from the camp-bedstead upon which Napoleon died, to the gold spoon with which he ate his soup on the night before Austerlitz. Like all American girls she was an ardent admirer of Napoleon, but when she beheld these venerated objects her soul overflowed in a rapturous ocean of adoration.

She talked Napoleon all the way home in the omnibus until her mother (who had a headache and didn't care a button about Napoleon, except because he interested Estelle,) begged her to stop, and let her try to shut out the affairs of this world from her weary brain. Full of her pet subject Estelle determined to talk about it to the people at the *pension*. A good many of them were old enough to have seen Napoleon and to be able to remember the great man. Here was an opportunity for a zealot like herself!

She would talk ; she didn't care what mistakes she made ; nothing mattered in so great a cause ; she would tell the people whom Napoleon had led to a hundred victories what admiration was felt for him in America.

Madame la Comtesse was in the *salon*, along with Madame Bellehomme and Monsieur le Colonel, when the young girl proceeded to put her valiant resolve into execution. She had exchanged nods and other brief greetings more often with Madame Bellehomme than with any other person in the house, therefore, she sat down beside that stout, good-natured woman full of her determination.

"Well, my dear mees, and where have you been to-day?" inquired Madame Bellehomme.

"At the Louvre," replied Estelle, who could follow French, when slowly spoken, far better than she could frame her replies.

"And you saw the glorious pictures of that superb gallery?" remarked Madame Bellehomme.

"No, Madame. I saw the camp-bed of Napoleon, and his tooth-brush," answered Estelle, who had meant to enumerate other objects, but could not at the moment recollect the French names.

Monsieur le Colonel looked up from his paper with a beaming smile on his old face. "Ah, Mademoiselle, you have visited the relics of the Great Napoleon? Receive my felicitations. He was the greatest soldier the world has ever seen, and the greatest man France has ever produced."

Encouraged by this remark, Estelle began, with some hesitation and a charming blush, to tell the Colonel that when she was a very little girl she had decided that the first thing she would do on getting to Heaven would be to seek out Napoleon.

"Mademoiselle," said the Countess in her thinnest voice and most rasping

tones, "it will be needless to disturb yourself; you will not find him *there*."

Monsieur le Colonel bounded from his chair while his old eyes shot glances of flame. "*Comment*, Madame la Comtesse, you have the temerity to give expression to such an opinion, here on French soil, here in the presence of one of Napoleon's old soldiers! Ah, such an infamy hardly lets itself be comprehended!"

Madame la Comtesse shrugged her shoulders most expressively. "One respects the prejudices of Monsieur le Colonel, and one pities him," she remarked. Although very old and decrepid looking, Madame la Comtesse had not lost the nimble tongue of her youth, nor had that tongue lost anything of its acerbity.

"Madame," retorted the Colonel, regaining control of himself with effort, "it is impossible even for you, since you are French, not to admit that the deeds of Napoleon fixed the eyes of the world upon our nation."

"Monsieur, the crimes of a notorious assassin might do that, and yet we should not necessarily admire him for them, nor wish to cast ourselves at his feet in adoration."

"Napoleon led the eagles of France where the *fleurs-de-lys* had never been," replied the Colonel.

This was one for the Countess, who was a rabid Royalist, but she was equal to the occasion. "And flying distressfully back, they showed the enemy the road to Paris," was her rejoinder. "Monsieur, I am old enough to remember the Allies in Paris. That was the work of your great man."

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, and do not I remember it too," exclaimed the old man, "remember it with tears of rage in my heart! The savage Cossacks in the Champs-Elysees! It makes me boil with shame and anger whenever I think of it."

"The work of Napoleon," commented the Countess.

"No, Madame, you mistake; it was the work of the miserable politicians who closed in around him, and kept his old soldiers away. We would have rallied for a supreme effort; we would have marched to victory under him once more, only for those miserable politicians. I speak of what I know, for was not I one of his old soldiers?"

Of course when this fierce discussion arose between the two old people, Estelle was left stranded high and dry by the torrent of their swift words. She did not catch one in twenty; all she knew was that they were disputing about Napoleon, and that the Colonel was passionately defending his hero. When he had left the room she began to seek explanations of the ladies.

"The Colonel, excellent man, is devoted to the memory of the Emperor," said Madame Bellehomme. "It is for him a religion; therefore he is agitated when one criticises Napoleon."

"Of course," said Estelle, with a wrathful glance towards the aged Countess who was holding her skinny fingers towards the fire. The noble lady turned her hooked nose and beady eyes towards the young American, regarding her with interest for a moment or two. "*Tiens*," she said, "but it is droll how you Republicans admire the greatest tyrant of the century. You do not remember all the wars he made, and all the *milliards* he sacrificed in men and in money for his private ambition. I do not explain it to myself."

"We admire greatness in America," replied Estelle, forced to be brief in her replies on account of the paucity, not of her reasons, but of her French.

"And yet you do not give your admiration to our great kings," observed the Countess meditatively.

"Kings are wicked," announced Estelle emphatically, all her nationality rising in her rebellious at the mere mention of the abhorred word, which affects the average American as a red rag affects an angry bull.

"*Drôle!*" said the Countess again.

"What, then, was Napoleon?"

"A great Captain, an Emperor."

"*Très bien*, but he overthrew the Republic. Do you admire him for that, you who boast yourself Republican?"

Estelle, driven into a corner, took refuge in a question. "Do you admire him for that, Madame?"

"Certainly; it was the only commendable action of his whole life. Even a Napoleon is better than a Republic in France—bah!"

Madame la Comtesse snapped her skinny fingers with the pent-up scorn of half a life-time spent in exile and poverty on account of the political convulsions of her country. That sort of thing makes bitter partisans of people.

"Mamma," remarked Estelle when alone with her obedient parent, "I think that old Colonel is just splendid!"

"The General is handsomer, I should say," replied her mother.

"Who cares for looks in a soldier? Why, he's fought under the Great Napoleon. Just think of that!"

"Oh, if he's a Napoleon man, I guess it don't matter about anything else, and he'll do first-rate," answered Mrs. Crane with resignation.

"I'm going to get him to talk to me slowly, when we are by ourselves and that old cat of a Countess isn't there. She's just downright mean, I think."

"If you are going to talk Napoleon to him, I guess I won't get ready to travel yet awhile. Napoleon will last you most a month anyhow," observed Mrs. Crane briefly, with a prompt eye to the practical bearings of the situation.

"Ain't you pretty comfortable here, Momma?" asked Estelle, anxious that her mother should not be more inconvenienced than was inevitable by her own pursuit of knowledge and instruction. "I don't expect we shall find any place better than this."

"Paris is as good as anywhere else once we've left home. Only it's kind of lonesome not being able to talk with one's fellow-creatures, and those pictures we go to see by the mile don't give me much satisfaction anyhow. Shameless naked hussies most of them are!"

Estelle broke into a merry laugh, and tapped her mother playfully on the chin. "Poor old Momma! You ought to study art and the French language."

"No, child, I'll leave that to you. I did most of my studying at Dearfield Seminary forty years ago. I guess I won't start again."

We used gently to make fun of the Colonel and his pretty and youthful adorer, and he accepted our banter with the kindly grace that was habitual to him. "Ah, yes, Mademoiselle Estelle and I have a *grande passion* in common. We both adore the same object. It is a firm bond of union."

They used to sit in the garden together on the fine October days, the old man talking and she listening with a rapt look on her face. He fed her enthusiasm with his stories.

"Monsieur le Colonel, tell me about the first time you saw Napoleon. You remember it, don't you?"

"Mademoiselle, no moment in my long life is more vividly marked in my memory."

"When was it?"

"In October, 1799."

"But that is very long ago."

"True, Mademoiselle, but then, you see, I am very old now. I was young enough then,—just nine years old. My father was the mayor of a town

on the Rhône. We were in great danger, for the country was alarmed. General Buonaparte and his army were shut up in Egypt, winning victories which nevertheless could not bring them back to us, for the English, *cette maudite nation*, had destroyed our fleet at Aboukir. Enemies around us and traitors within; the government of the day impotent for all but evil! This I learned afterwards; what I knew at the time was that my father kept saying: 'We are lost unless General Buonaparte returns; no one can save France now but General Buonaparte.' He was a keen partisan of the General, was my excellent father. 'France belongs to the soldier, and the soldier belongs to France,' he used to say. Buonaparte was that soldier. Those were the first words of the creed of my life, Mademoiselle, I learned them young and I learned them well. Suddenly great news came up from the South. Buonaparte had landed at Fréjus; he had come to save us from our enemies, and also from ourselves. My father caused the bells to ring, and the cannon to fire. He prepared a little reception for the General. The whole town was in excitement; we were *en fête*. A travelling carriage was seen coming swiftly along the Montélimar road, throwing up a cloud of dust. It was the General, hurrying towards Paris with feverish haste. The bells rang, the guns fired, the people shouted. The excitement was extreme. The General stopped his carriage, and my father read an address of welcome. He received it graciously, and invited my father to a seat beside him in the carriage. I threw up my cap and shouted, '*Vive Buonaparte!*' He smiled at me; I saw him. 'Who is that brave *garçon* who shouts, *Vive Buonaparte*, so lustily?' he asked of my father. 'It is my son,' he replied, with feelings of parental pride. Again

the carriage was stopped; this time it was I myself who was bidden to a seat beside the General. 'Thou art a brave little man,' he said; and I replied, '*Oui, mon Général*,' and saluted as I had seen soldiers salute their officers. 'Wilt thou be a soldier and fight in my army?' '*Oui, mon Général*,' I replied again, saluting. '*Tiens*,' he said, 'I will decorate thee beforehand, for I see thou art going to be a fine soldier.' He took the cockade out of his own hat and fastened it into my little cap, as I sat upon his knee in the travelling-carriage. Thus it was, Mademoiselle, that I enlisted under the Great Captain in October, 1799."

The Colonel's eyes rested dreamily upon the little birds who were hopping about on the gravel, but he did not see them. His memory was wandering back across sixty-eight years, to that great day of his childhood which had shaped his life and decreed his destiny. What a road he had come through those long years! What a blood-stained road, where mangled corpses lay in hideous heaps on the field of Napoleon's glory! And yet in the end here he was, a gentle old man, gracious in manner, dignified in bearing, placidly sitting in the autumn sunshine of his last days, talking over the fierce scenes of his youth with a fair young girl from the other side of the world.

Monsieur le Colonel was our model of courtesy. He never complained, but always received with the greatest gratitude any of those attentions which it was our delight to bestow.

"The excellent man is always satisfied, he never finds fault," Madame Lecour would observe; and to a boarding-house keeper what higher virtue could there be?

"Where did you get that talent, Monsieur?" asked Monsieur Clément, who, for his part, complained all day

long of everything, from the sky downwards.

"At Cabrera, Monsieur, where I was prisoner for several months along with thousands of other Frenchmen, and where many of us went quite naked, and where we all had but the scantiest of rations served out once in three days, which we supplemented by such berries and insects as we could dig with our fingers out of the ground. The stony soil of Cabrera was trenched by our fingers, and my nails have never grown properly again. See, Monsieur."

Was this then the explanation of the somewhat misformed finger-tips of the dear old man? He was in that hideous Spanish prison-isle, where so many of Napoleon's soldiers had left their bones, and yet in all these years he had never before spoken about it.

"Ah, but that was frightful," exclaimed Estelle, who had read about battles and sieges and heaps of slain, but who nevertheless did not realise that prisons and starving captives were part and parcel of the glory of war. She rather gloated on horrors, as people do who have never come into contact with anything but the smoothest side of life. She desired to be told particulars of that famous, or rather infamous island, and the Colonel looked at her with a queer sort of smile, as his memory called up scenes of daily occurrence at Cabrera, so unspeakably horrible that it was almost impossible not to imagine they must be the remnants of some hideous nightmare of long ago.

"There was sometimes the comic, even there, Mademoiselle," he said at length. "For example, I fell into debt for nine pinches of snuff to the Hebrew booth-keeper in the shanty we named the *Palais Royal*; and I remember the despair I felt when informed that my credit was gone, and that I could have no more snuff.

All things are relative, but at the moment that caused me as keen annoyance as any hardship I ever had to undergo."

As the winter wore on we saw with concern that our dear Colonel was failing, not that he ever complained, for he never did, but he had an attack of bronchitis from which he never rallied. He made a gallant effort to appear well, and even came among us once more, taking his place at *déjeuner* and dinner. We were shocked to see how white he looked, and how bent he had become in those weeks of illness. It was as if the fire had suddenly died out from those dark eyes of his. They shone no more.

He took to his bed during the cold weather at the end of February. It was evident that he was on his last march, and evident too that the long halt would soon be sounded for him. Old friends came to see him and to say good-bye, amongst others a veteran from Les Invalides, one who had been corporal under him in Napoleon's last campaign.

The old man looked long and sadly at his dying colonel. "Monsieur," he said at length, "I am following close behind you, as I did at Ligny and Quatre Bras."

"My brave Ricaud," said the Colonel slowly and with difficulty, "we have seen death before, very near. He comes now as an old friend with rest and peace in his gift; he is welcome."

Estelle also took leave of him, with the hot tears of youth streaming down her pretty face.

"*Chut, chut*, Mademoiselle," he said faintly, "why grieve?"

"I shall never see you again, Monsieur le Colonel," sobbed Estelle in childish sorrow.

"Ah, but think; I precede you to heaven. I shall be the first to see him."

A faint flash of pride and pleasure flickered for a moment in his old eyes; and then he closed them as if too weary to look further upon this world.

They gave him a military funeral, and young soldiers, whose grandfathers were boys when Monsieur le Colonel was decorated, marched after his hearse and fired a volley over his grave. In this last sad scene many a tear was shed for the Colonel. His brave heart alone was unmoved; it slept too soundly beneath the scrap of faded ribbon under the folded hands with the worn-down fingertips.

THE CHILDHOOD OF HORACE.

It will be unfortunate if classical scholars ever lose the hope of reaching more exact knowledge about the lives of the great Greek and Roman poets, and the circumstances in which their works were produced. We shall continue to go with ever fresh interest to the scenes amid which they grew up and the cities in which their life was spent, and we shall return with renewed zest to their works, so long as we retain the hope of penetrating behind the veil which hides the deeper mysteries from the "profane mob" but not from the privileged worshipper. And, if we are not entirely successful,—if, after all, Tennyson's words are spoken to us :

' I will go forward,' sayest thou,
' I shall not fail to find her now : '
Look up, the fold is on her brow—

we have at least strengthened our love for the world's youth, and we shall have given our critics, when they criticise wisely, the pleasure of reading once more the familiar words.

Even after all the learning applied to the study of the ancient poets, there remains perhaps something to be done in investigating how an author's words spring from the circumstances of his life, and conversely how the circumstances of his life can be inferred from his words. To make my meaning clearer by an example, we know that Horace was a native of Apulia, and it does not surprise us that he selects the Marsian and the Apulian as types of Italian courage and chivalry (ODES, III. v. 9). All

Italians were agreed that the Marsian was a true example of Italian bravery, for no Roman triumph had ever been won over the Marsians or without the Marsians ; but only an Apulian born would pair the Apulian with the Marsian. Now, let us imagine that all record of the poet's Apulian birth had perished ; every one who will contrast the uniform praise accorded to the energetic Apulian (ODES, III. xvi. 26) and his sun-burned wife, pattern of the Italian virtues (EPODE II. 41), with the occasional gibes at the boorish Calabrian (EPIST. I. vii. 14), the Marsian and Pelignian witches, and so on, must feel that he could confidently gather the poet's origin from a review of his language about the Italian tribes. He admits the fault of heat and drought in Apulia, but that only adds to the active virtues of its people ; and he could never feel the same hatred of Apulian heat as of Pelignian cold (ODES, III. xix. 8).

In one of the most familiar passages in all his poems, Horace describes how he was marked out from childhood by a marvellous portent as a favourite of the Muses, protected by the watchful care of the Gods from all harm, as a child of genius whose life was to be always devoted to literature (ODES, III. iv. 9-20).

When from my nurse erewhile on
Voltur's steep
I strayed beyond the bound
Of our small homestead's ground.
Was I, fatigued with play, beneath a
heap
Of fresh leaves sleeping found.

Strewn by the storied doves; and
wonder fell
On all their nest who keep
On Acherontia's steep,
Or in Forentia's low rich pastures dwell,
Or Bantine woodlands deep;

That safe from bears and adders in such
place
I lay, and slumbering smiled,
O'erstrewn with myrtle wild
And laurel, by the Gods' peculiar grace
No craven-hearted child.¹

It is apparent that there is in these verses an intentional contrast between the strangeness of the incident and the plainness and minuteness of detail in which the local surroundings are marked out, as well as the abundance of witnesses who are cited. The marvel was known to all the neighbourhood, high and low, to Forenza in the valley that breaks down to the southern sea, to the upland glades of Banzi, and to Acerenza, which

Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

It seems to be the poet's purpose to corroborate his account of the marvel, and constrain the reader to believe it, by insisting on the wide circle of witnesses that can attest it.

Further, in order to lend credibility to a tale, it is a recognised method in literature to specify exactly where the incidents occurred, and to relate various accompanying details, not in themselves important, but useful as bringing the wonder down to earth and associating it with a local habitation and homely surroundings. The place was Apulian Voltur; and Horace, while still a child, was playing near his nurse's home, until overcome by fatigue he sank to sleep outside the house. Four of the oldest manuscripts read the very name of the nurse, Pullia; and it seems to me that this additional specification

¹ I quote from Sir Theodore Martin's translation of the Odes.

is the sort of detail, binding down the facts to definite surroundings, which meets the intention of the poet in this passage.

If I had to choose among the many conjectures that have been proposed to replace Pullia's name,¹ the best seems to me to be that which has been proposed independently by Professor A. E. Housman and the late Dr. Bährens, namely *pergulae* instead of *Pulliae*. It is an interesting fact that Sir Theodore Martin, whether intentionally or guided by a poet's unconscious instinct, has adopted that conjecture in his second edition (from which I have quoted), though he followed the vulgar reading in his first edition. Professor Housman may justifiably claim a poet's judgment about a poet as a strong argument in his favour. So far as our present investigation is concerned, the two forms, "outside the threshold of my nurse Pullia," and "outside the threshold of the humble house of my nurse," mean practically the same thing. But I prefer the reading *Pulliae*, which appears in the oldest manuscripts; for the change to *pergulae* sacrifices a slight detail conducing to the effect aimed at by the poet, even though it does not, like some of the conjectural readings, add anything out of keeping with the rest of the description.

In this passage a further detail is added, which it is the chief aim of this paper to study carefully. Why does Horace speak of his nurse as *altrix* instead of *nutrix*, which is the word he usually employs both in lyric poetry and in his more familiar style?²

¹ *Apulia*, the vulgar text, and that of the vast majority of manuscripts, is an ancient conjecture, and the worst of them all.

² It may be assumed that this is the true text. The common Horatian form *nutrix* has been substituted for it in the majority of manuscripts, according to a common practice. Had *nutrix* been the original text, there would be no reason to substitute for it the less common word *altrix*.

I think he selected a word which he never uses elsewhere with a definite purpose; he wished to mark himself as being the *alumnus* of Pullia, and he does so by applying to her the correlative term *altrix*. Two questions here arise: was Horace an *alumnus*, and if so, why should he mention, or rather suggest, the fact in this passage?

The most characteristic meaning of *alumnus* is to denote a child who has been exposed in infancy by his parents and brought up by strangers. The crime of infanticide by exposure was far commoner in the Græco-Roman world than would appear from its literature, where it is rarely mentioned except as an incident in mythology and romantic stories, or as a practice to be regulated by laws. Inscriptions of the imperial period contain many proofs of the extent to which this exposure was practised; for example, a deed of manumission in an obscure Phrygian city briefly records a domestic romance, the exposure of a child in accordance with a vision, his adoption and upbringing by a stranger, and his liberation through dedication to a God after he had been trained as a slave.¹ Children thus exposed were often brought up by strangers, either from charity, or in anticipation of gain by selling them as slaves when grown; and a number of laws regulating the rights of *alumni* and the claims of their adoptors for the cost of their keep were passed by the Roman emperors. The early Christian Church made a practice of caring for exposed children, just as missionaries in China do at the present day; and this practice perpetuated itself in Rome until quite recent time in a form that became a fruitful cause of scandal.

It is certain that Horace was not

¹ It is published in my *CITIES AND BISHOPRICS OF PHRYGIA*, p. 150.

an *alumnus* in that sense; but the word is also often applied to children who were brought up by persons other than their parents with the full consent of the latter. The essential point is that the *alumnus* lived in the house of persons who took the place of his proper parents. There are, for example, various inscriptions in which two married couples unite in making the grave of a child, who is called *alumnus* of the one couple and son of the other. Many passages in Horace become more luminous and significant on the hypothesis that he was an *alumnus* in this sense, trained by a *nonna*, or foster-mother, in his earliest years, and taken to his father's house in more advanced childhood.

As has often been noticed, it is in itself a suggestive fact that Horace nowhere mentions his mother, while he frequently refers to his father in terms of warm affection, and once at least speaks of his nurse. It is precisely when a boy has no mother that his affection is most likely to cling closely to his father; and the tone of many passages in Horace seems hardly explicable, unless he had lost his mother, whether by death or in some other way, so early that he had no tender memories associated with her.

The lessons in elementary morality, which many men owe to their mother, were taught to Horace by his father:

When my good father taught me to be
good,
Scarecrows he took of living flesh and
blood . . .

'Twas thus he formed my boyhood.
(SAT. I., iv. 105 ff.)¹

¹ The translations of Horace's *Satires* and *Epistles* by the late Professor Conington are the most careful in studying the niceties of Horace's style, and the most successful in reproducing them in English, that I know. I have therefore used his metrical version, as more likely to place the reader at the proper point of view than a prose rendering of my own.

But the references to his father, on the whole, suggest the intercourse of a grown boy, not a young child, with his parent. For example :

I owe it to my father, who, though poor,
Passed by the village-school at his own door,
The school where great, tall urchins in a row,
Sons of great, tall centurions used to go,
With slate and satchel on their backs, to pay
Their monthly quota punctual to the day,
And took his boy to Rome, to learn the arts
Which knight or senator to his imparts.
Whoe'er had seen me, neat and more than neat,
With slaves behind me, in the crowded street,
Had surely thought a fortune fair and large,
Two generations old, sustained the charge.
Himself the true, tried guardian of his son,
Whene'er I went to class, he still made one.

(SAT. I., vi. 71 f.)

But, apart from the references to his own parent, a tone of warm, tender, kindly feeling often breathes through the lines where the word *father* occurs. The very name has music in it to Horace's ear. Thus, it is the kindly eye of the father that is blind to the ugliness of the son ; it is the father's heart that prompts him to call the blemishes in the son by endearing terms.

Come, let us learn how friends at friends should look
By a leaf taken from a father's book.
Has the dear child a squint ? At home he's classed
With Venus' self ; "her eyes have just that cast."
Is he a dwarf like Sisyphus ? His sire
Calls him "sweet pet," and would not have him higher.

(SAT. I., iii. 43 f.)

Most people would go to a mother's love and tenderness for illustration of love's blindness ; but Horace's experience in his own case makes him turn to the father. When he speaks about accusations so ridiculously and obviously false that they do not touch his feelings, it is the charge of patricide that makes the climax.

Well now, if "Thief" and "Profligate" they roar,
Or lay my father's murder at my door,
Am I to let their lying scandals bite ?
(EPIST. I., xvi. 36 f.)

Observe, again, how often the idea of friendly companionship between fathers and sons appears in Horace.

Suppose some day
You should take courage and compose a lay,
Entrust it first to Mæcius' critic ears,
Your sire's, or mine, and keep it back nine years.
(ART. POET., 388.)

Other examples may be found in the same poem, 24, and in SATIRES II., iii. 178, and in the following lines, where he describes the universal craze for poetry,—no fault, but merely the pardonable excess of a good quality.

Now our good town has taken a new fit ;
Each man you meet by poetry is bit ;
Boys and prim fathers dine in wreaths of bay ;
And twixt the courses warble out their lay.
(EPIST. II., i. 109.)

Though Horace never refers to his own mother, except in indirect reference to his parents, whom he declares that he would not change, if Fate allowed him to live his life anew and choose his parents at his own caprice (SAT. I., vi. 94ff), yet he often uses the word *mother* in a way that is instructive in our investigation. When

he thinks of a mother's love and care for her child, it seems to him generally either mistaken and foolish, or irksome and unwelcome. In SAT. II., iii. 288ff, when he speaks of the folly which, while praying for a child's health, will sacrifice the child's health, and sometimes even its life, by ignorant superstition, it is the mother that rises to his mind. On the other hand, it is the nurse, and not the mother, who represents to him wise, prudent solicitude for her charge.

What could fond nurse wish more for
her sweet pet¹
Than friends, good looks, and health
without a let,
A shrewd clear head, a tongue to speak
his mind,
A seemly household, and a purse well
lined? (EPIST. I., iv. 8.)

Here the nurse is not given as the type of foolish fondness; she does not pray sillily for worthless gifts to her *alumnus*. Horace could think of a nurse as loving and tender, but not as foolish and mistaken.

A comparison with two Latin poets who are saturated with Horace's ideas, and constantly imitate him, will add strength to our argument. Persius speaks of that mistaken kind of love which would injure its objects, if its foolish prayers on their behalf were granted (SAT. ii., 31-40). Grandmother and aunt and nurse are the types that suggest themselves to him; but he does not speak of a mother in this connexion. He sneers at the bad teaching given by fathers, but not by mothers (SAT. i., 796). Persius lived with his mother, gave her his love during his life, and left her his fortune at his early death; and his experience

would not permit him to speak slightly of a mother's prayers for her son. But just as we recognise in the language of Persius the expression of a spirit that had grown up from infancy in tender relations to a mother, so do we not in Horace feel the tone of one to whom a nurse had taken the mother's place?

In a different spirit Juvenal (x. 289) speaks of the fond mother's prayers on behalf of her son or daughter as hurtful, since her love carries her into extravagance and fastidiousness. But his point is that all human beings are foolish: none know what is best for themselves or their beloved ones; and even a mother, with her supreme love for her children, only succeeds in asking from the Gods what will do them harm. But Juvenal's intense and even exaggerated denunciation is totally different from the restrained and more than half-playful tone of Horace, even when his satire is keenest.

In the Epistle which I have just quoted Horace's tone is kindly and serious, such as may cheer the depressed and melancholy spirit of the friend whom he addresses, the poet Tibullus, who amid the pine-forests on the outer slopes of the Apennines was vainly seeking for health and escape from the death that pursued him. In passages where he assumes the tone of pure comedy, he speaks of mothers' love for their children.

When fathers all and fond mammas
grow pale
At what may happen to their young
heirs male;
And courts and levees, town-bred
mortals' ills,
Bring fevers on, and break the seals of
wills. (EPIST. I., vii. 7.)

¹ *Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?* Conington is compelled to sacrifice the strict sense of *alumno*, which can hardly be rendered in English, as the difference of manners and society deprives us of any word to correspond.

¹ *Omnis pater et matercula palleat*: the fact that father as well as mother is here mentioned shows that a single passage is not enough to found a rule on.

Again, he addresses the bore who had seized on him in the Sacred Way.

Have you a mother? have you kith
or kin
To whom your life is precious?
(SAT. I., ix. 26.)

In another passage the son's duty to his mother is represented as the plea, not of a really loving child, but of the crafty client, begging, indirectly for his own advantage, from a rich patron.

My mother's poor, my sister's dower
is due. (EPIST. I., xvii. 46.)

Several times Horace, in speaking of a father's training, implies that it was severe; but that is the true type of old Roman manners, and it was felt as a compliment to call a Roman father strict. Severity carried to the extreme is not the most marked quality characteristic of a mother's care for her child. Yet after reading passages like those just quoted, we are not surprised to find that in Horace a mother's care is proverbial for an irksome guardianship, and the minor trained under a mother's charge is pictured as chafing at her discipline and longing for the coming of full age and emancipation.

Slow as the year to the impatient ward
Who feels his mother's discipline too
hard. (EPIST. I., i. 21.)

The murder of a father, as we saw, is alluded to as the type of utterly incredible crime; but matricide is mentioned in passages that are almost jocular.

Take worthy Scæva now, the spendthrift
heir,
And trust his long-lived mother to his
care;
He'll lift no hand against her. No, for-
sooth!
Wolves do not use their heel, nor bulls
their tooth:
But deadly hemlock, mingled in the
bowl
With honey, will take off the poor old
soul. (SAT. II., i. 56.)

And in another place:

When with a rope you kill your wife,
with bane
Your aged mother, are you right in
brain?
(SAT. II., iii. 131.)

These passages are, of course, not serious, but they suggest that no trace exists in Horace of the feeling which lies deep in the heart of some men, both ancient and modern, that *mother* is almost a sacred name, not to be spoken rudely or jestingly. I need not go over all the places where the word occurs; but any one who does so will be struck with the fact that in the Satires and Epistles the name *mother* often serves as a beacon to guide us to something jocose and something almost heartless; rarely, if ever, does it occur where the spirit is emotional or tender, whereas, in such passages, the word *father* is often found.

In all investigations of this kind, it is advisable to leave Horace's Odes out of consideration, except where they are explicitly biographical, because there exists a doubt in most cases whether the poet speaks from his own heart and is not rather simply following a literary pattern. In most of the Odes, even though we cannot specify the Greek model, yet we feel that the topics are selected according to the Greek rules of art and not according to the promptings of the Roman poet's nature. Take, for example, the sentiment of the well-known words:

As on her boy the mother calls,
Her boy whom envious tempests keep
Beyond the vex'd Carpathian deep.
(ODES, IV., v. 9f.)

Here the very name of the sea suggests the influence of a Greek model, for a mother speaking in Italy would naturally name a sea beside the Italian coast as the obstacle, and not a remote and unfamiliar part of the

Greek seas. Hence a passage like this constitutes no argument against the thesis which I am supporting, that Horace's early childhood was not spent under a mother's care, but under a nurse's.

Even as to the passage from which our investigation started, the opinion has been freely expressed that the incident of the doves is a pure invention, on the principle that a Roman lyric poet ought to narrate an omen similar to Pindar's adventure with the bees.¹ If that be so, (and it would not be out of keeping with Horace's lyric style), he is careful to bring the marvel down to earth, and surround it with matter-of-fact details, to such an extent that even questions of textual criticism turn into discussions of the poet's home and family. The readings which I believe correct illuminate the situation in which the

poet's earliest years were spent; and the character of the passage demands that facts of that kind should be stated. Herein lies the reason why Horace selected the word *altrix*. His father lived in Venusia, where he was in business. But in this Ode we find the son, in his early childhood, in a country-place south of Venusia, between Acerenza and Forenza. It suits his purpose to state the circumstances of the marvel in a precise way; and he conveys in a word the reason why it happened near Pullia's house and not beside his father's house; he was an *alumnus* playing beside the home of his *altrix*.

Small as this point is in itself, nothing is devoid of importance which has contributed to form the mind and to determine the expression of one of the great poets, whose work is part of the common patrimony of the human race.

W. M. RAMSAY.

¹ Compare the stories told about Stesichorus, Æschylus, Plato, &c.

IN A GARDEN OF PROVENCE.

It was a rambling country-house, with open casements and blinds drawn outwards to the balcony irons because of the dazzling glare, and a quaint little flower-garden sloping away from the terrace steps, bounded on one side by a grove of olives and on the other by a lichen-clad orchard-wall over whose coping peep the first gold of the orange and the last delicate blossoms of apple and pear. A quiet, slumberous old place it was, with a certain grace about it which our modern villas strive after vainly; very pleasant at all times, and just now looking its best in the opening days of summer. Eastward the view is closed by distant snowy peaks, the last spurs of the Maritime Alps; nearer, beyond the olives, there is a sparkle of light, the flash of the swift-rushing Rhone. You may meet twenty such restful and silent old dwellings on your road from Vienne to Avignon.

It was close upon noon; a gentle breeze ruffled the lowered blinds and wafted out between the lilac-blooms an air which someone within was playing on the mellow notes of an old piano. The garden was deserted, and the flowers, left to themselves, were all astir, chatting with one another or with the butterflies and bees; the former fluttering from bloom to bloom, happy in their gorgeous raiment, and pausing only where the noblest flowers raised their stately heads; the latter, careful citizens as they are, going about their business methodically, droning their budget of scandal concerning the whole countryside into the eager petals. Of course the maxim *nothing for nothing* holds good

always, and the liliputian merchants took care to get an ample supply of honey in exchange for their tittle-tattle which touched on every thing under the sun, because if nothing be sacred to a sapper, believe me less is sacred to a bee; and I may add that the gain was altogether theirs, since no knowledge is more useless than a knowledge of the sins of men, and to a flower it is the most useless thing on earth.

Rightly or wrongly, however, the flowers were very willing listeners; and when one gets over the ethical considerations it must be admitted that the bees had a good many interesting things to tell, rumours of war, achievements of peace, idyls they had seen amid the low, rounded thyme-crowned hills whither the wind brings the salt scents of the sea, comedies, such as Labiche never dreamed of, played out beneath the broad porches of village inns or under the gay awnings of fair-booths; in a word, the thousand incidents of the great shifting panorama we call life, that huge, tragi-comedy each day sees renewed as if the world had but begun with the morning, and all the garnered experience of six thousand painful years were but an idle figment for the breeze to whirl beyond the walls of the world.

"And you saw it yourself, Monsieur?" asked a knot of sweet Wood-Violets, lifting their meek, innocent faces and trembling with excitement over a tale of rustic gallantry, all the more interesting because its heroine was yellow-haired Agnes, the gardener's daughter.

"With my own eyes," replied the

Bee, "just in the field yonder, where the wild strawberries and honeysuckle grow. He had his arm around her, and the little fool was drinking in his promises; his mouth was so close to her ear that even if I had taken the trouble to buzz she would not have heard me. But, after all, it is her own affair. Jules is a *bon garçon*, and we bear him no grudge. Why, only last year he refused when his mother wanted him to rob our house in the garden and take us on a fool's errand round the orchard, banging a brass candlestick against a pot-bottom. 'No, mother,' says he; 'let the poor things enjoy themselves and keep the honey they stored up with such trouble. God forbid I should rob them of it!'" and off he goes, good lad, to the Quatre Fleurs and spends nearly four francs with his comrades; ah, the silver pieces soon melt into golden wine when Babet pours it out! Oh he's good-hearted, is Jules, one of us, you know; you should hear him toasting the Bee and the Violet at the Clefs Croissées. But you have a new ally, I observe, ladies."

"Who?" cried the Violets, eagerly, forgetting the previous subject.

"Why, the Carnations there. They were quite the rage in Paris some years ago; a genius discovered they were poor Boulanger's favourite flower, and thus they got a political and social lift at the same time. I do not care for them so much myself," added the cunning little trimmer, knowing well that the green, acorn-like sheathes would not burst yet awhile; "their perfume is too, — too overpowering; they force the note and invariably convey the idea of cheap popularity."

"But they are so delightfully old-fashioned," simpered the Violets.

"Exactly," replied the Bee; "then let them keep so, say I!" And he rose in what he thought a very elegant manner.

"Ah, there you go," cried a young bud; "what can you see interesting in those awkward yellow things yonder!"

"Ah, Madonna Violetta," responded the Bee with a consolatory buzz, but trembling lest the Daffodils had overheard, as indeed they had, "each of you possesses her own peculiar beauty, and it is absolutely necessary for me to visit each, for as you know, I am Nature's tax-gatherer; but you surely cannot doubt where I should stay if inclination only were my guide." And as he flew off, the Daffodils cried to the Violets: "Why give yourselves such airs? Are we not your equals? Every year we light the march of Spring through the blustering days when you cower beneath your leaves. Our tint is the colour of joy, yours, of repentance and shame. We bloom even in the under-world, and keep Aurora's tears between our petals. If Virgil sang of you, he sang of us also. There is a garden in Tarentum whose perfume has come down through the ages."

"Where do you intend going for the season, Monsieur Papillon?" asked a tall young languid Lily leaning against her supporting pole; she spoke slowly with a curious drop at the end of her sentences, and gave the impression of being very much surprised at her surroundings. Her companion was a gorgeous butterfly clad in crimson, white, and gold, as perfect a courtier as ever lounged upon the gilded staircase of Versailles.

"I have not yet decided," he replied, speaking with becoming gravity; "to the Ionian Isles, I think, ultimately; but one cannot be quite sure; the East is hardly desirable at present. My plans will, of course, in great measure depend upon the wind."

"And so Henriette Normande is to marry a De Joinville?" continued the Lily.

"Yes, and they say a good match too."

"Oh, no doubt, — for her. The family is most distinguished, — the Crusades, you know, and so on; *her* grandfather was a pork-butcher at Marseilles; I had it on the best authority."

"But she has been carefully educated," remarked the Butterfly.

"Yes, and from her earliest youth, too," assented the Lily; "such associations may do a good deal. It was at a branch house of the Sacred Heart, where Mademoiselle's neice is going through *her* novitiate; that one just over the hill."

"Yes, yes, I observed it the other day," answered the Butterfly, with a fine pretence of enthusiasm. "Attracted by the incense, I flew in; High Mass was being celebrated, and the nuns were singing behind a screen; it was heavenly, the faces hidden, but the voices,—ah, exquisite! I flew along the nave, for indeed, the incense was rather overpowering, and I succeeded in catching a glimpse of the young lady. She has the white veil now."

"I trust she will persevere," the Lily remarked judicially. "I heard some gossip among the other flowers about her parentage,—nothing disreputable, I assure you,—but Mademoiselle has been very kind to the poor young woman. Listen, how prettily she plays that *morceau*. By the way, I am looking forward to my own reception, for I also am intended for the Church," the white flower went on, looking if possible more stately than ever.

"Oh, indeed; but you will not leave us yet awhile," observed the Butterfly anxiously, "now when life is just beginning to unfold?"

"Ah, where better could I yield my life and my perfume," replied the Lily, "than within those sacred walls, amid the peace which passes all under standing?"

"Where, indeed?" echoed the cour-tier, who was beginning to feel the least bit bored. "I congratulate you; you will hear the nuns sing."

"Ah, sir, you should reserve your congratulations for my sister here, who is only a green spiral yet. She is to be presented on the Fête Dieu, that is, if those who rule the destinies of this unhappy country permit the festival," said the flower with something approaching animation. "For myself, I assure you it is no sacrifice to leave this place; there are few here with whom I have anything in common, except an English rose who comes from Warwickshire, and she is too far away. Her fate is harder than mine; they planted her between the pagan Centifolia and that creature Valérie Marneffe. I am sure she feels her position keenly. Oh, tell me, does François De Brissac still belong to the Hussars?"

"No; he left the regiment as soon as he married; but he will soon enter the Chamber as deputy for his province; we think it a certainty."

"I am not surprised he left the service," remarked the Lily languidly; "the *personnel* of the Army has changed much. They give commissions to the rank and file now, nor is it at all unlikely that we may one day see our gardener's son with the epaulets of a lieutenant, if he choose to remain after his term has expired,—imagine those people *choosing* to do anything! But what would you have? They banished the Church from the State, and it is only right they should banish the gentleman from the Army. They have even taken me from their banners, as if resolved to cast aside the last thing which could remind them of the glorious days when the golden lilies waved above the levelled spears and fell or flew where the noblest deeds were done. No land ever had a more haughty standard

than the flag of Arques and Ivry," continued the flower, oddly enough in all conscience; and through the opened casements came the notes of that air which once sent the mad blood bounding in swollen veins one fateful October night in old Versailles, when the flash of Marie Antoinette's imperial eyes found answer in the gleam of unsheathed swords. The Lily bent her noble head to better catch the stirring sounds, but with them came a vulgar tittering from a bed of tri-coloured Annuals! She did not feel ridiculous: it is the compensation of faith; but she did not care for unsympathetic laughter any more than you or I.

"We are tired of this old *régime* nonsense" they cried. "Henri Quatre was the best king the lilies ever saw, better a thousand times than the dancing-master they called *great*; but he was only fit to command a cavalry division under the little Corporal. For all your boasting you never made the grand tour!"

"I never knew a Waterloo or a Sedan," the Lily condescended to reply, and the Annuals were stricken dumb. Being only ignorant little things, they had never heard of Courtrai, or Pavia, or Minden. And here he observed that every repartee has its rejoinder, as every thrust its parry,—but one must have learned it; so, the great secret of saying crushing things is to know your man.

Seeing the Lily taken up with the music and disposed to regard everything very seriously, the Butterfly, after a graceful leave-taking, poised himself daintily, and then fluttered away down the trellis-shaded walks where clematis, passion-flower, and sweet jasmine blended their foliage.

Just opposite, where the ivy-clad orchard-wall served as a boundary, the White Rose, of which the Lily had spoken, was looking very mortified. She had permitted herself to be drawn

into a discussion by La Valérie, a discussion which began with fashions and ended with politics.

"You weary me with your White Rose leagues and all the paraphernalia of dilettante conspiracy," the latter was saying. "Do you dream that those whom you call Socialists will dethrone the Guelphs to ask *you* back? Oh fools, as if men who see through the farce of a constitutional monarchy would endure you again and your discredited trumpery! Ah, you Legitimists and Ultramontanes, you never have succeeded, and you never will. You are always behind the age, but you will die rather than admit it. You are plagiarists as well as failures; what your fathers cursed you admit, and what you curse to-day your children will accept to-morrow. You cannot dare a great crime, but stand aside with hand on lip to profit by those of others, for, alas, you cannot forget the part you and the Lily yonder once played. But there were giants in those days, and you are no giants. You would hold the balance of power again,—will you get it by whimpering? One plot hatched under the Borgia's skull-cap, one stroke of his son's good sword, were worth all the prayers you have said or sung in the ears of the laughing world. It is only by crime, successful crime, that men are ruled. But you, poor dreamers, if you had the brains to plan you have not the nerve to execute."

The Stuart Rose was paler than her wont, yet she answered gently: "I did not know we wanted courage; I thought we had given proof of it even in those days. A crime is always a blunder. Caesar Borgia did not win even the success you value so highly; all his evil deeds, all his breathless ambitions profited him nothing; he was an eagle it is true, but a chained one; he could not fly farther than his master Charles chose to allow him.

The Rè di Romagna died in exile, when all is said."

"And how did your last Stuart King die?" answered Valérie; but the White Rose was silent.

"Aha, you know," pursued the other remorselessly. "Such are your gods, and yet you wonder that you are never on the winning side."

"Truth and Justice rarely are," retorted the White Queen.

"You are only one whit less ridiculous than that idiotic Tournesol who stared us all out of countenance last year," continued Valérie.

"Fidelity must ever be a riddle and a jest to such as you," said the White Rose calmly.

The Annuals tittered; they disliked her but appreciated retort. This stung La Valérie to fury. "After all," she remarked, "you are no better than anyone else, all white as you are. If the gardener did not mulch your roots with manure every spring you would not be quite so splendid, I fancy."

Now this was vulgar, and furthermore had nothing whatever to do with the subject under discussion; but the White Queen, disdaining this advantage and the obvious reply, treated her rival with a chilling contempt, answering nothing but serenely lifting her noble clusters against the deep blue of the sky in a way the other could never imitate. The latter felt the insult and took refuge in a sneer.

"Ah my dear, you are too pure," she said. "In a world such as this the only place for you should be some snow-clad inaccessible height."

"And the only place for you is the Quartier Breda," replied the White Queen coldly.

Valérie was not at all annoyed; on the contrary her wicked buds shook all over with hidden laughter. "*Eh bien!*" she cried. "I should not object; it would at least be amusing. I have

not seen a pleasant face since last Carnival."

"What are you saying about the Quartier Breda?" asked the Centifolia looking up. She had been dozing, and her splendid pink beauty glowed as she woke refreshed. "What do you know of life? You should have seen the Suburra the year Verres came home from Cilicia, or when Clodius was tribune. *Ohe!* how he did hunt that poor vain Cicero from pillar to post; I remember well the day they pelted him out of the forum, and his black-robed crowd too. You talk of your Carnivals; bah, you ought have seen the Saturnalia in the days of Messalina or Fausta! What can you know of the sights I saw, you children of yesterday? The masters of the world loved me and wore my blossoms. I tell you, I witnessed spectacles the historians have never told you of, and heard poems lost for ever. I saw the face of Orestella when she learned how Catiline fell; I watched the grooved visage of Sulla looking down upon the Rome whose hate he scorned, thinking it may have been of the blood which the springs of Ædipsus could not wash away. I knew the one woman Horace married, but never owned, nor ever sang of,—she was a Sabine. I alone know the reason of Ovid's banishment. I crowned the low, wanton forehead of Cytheris when she recited young Virgil's eclogue to the Romans; you should have seen the eyes of Gallus devouring her,—the poor fool who slew himself in Egypt because they called him robber, as if one thief more or less mattered to my Rome! Aye, and that sprightly jade Arbuscula carried a handful of my blooms the very time she shouted to the howling plebs *Satis est equitem mihi plaudere!* Gods, how they roared! Your scholars wrangle still over the identity of Cynthia. Pshaw, I knew golden

Cynthia well; a commonplace wanton; if you threw a stone anywhere in the Rue de Rivoli to-day you would strike one of her sisters. Many and many a day have I watched her whirling down the Appian Way in her brazen chariot, as if aediles were not, with the Molossian dogs, their silver collars glittering in the sun, bounding beside her, while the idlers at the tavern-doors bandied her name between them as one tosses the ball at trigon. Ah, and often have I seen that sensitive poet she fooled so cleverly coming along the Sacred Way to buy my clusters, and other things he could less afford; and at night the petals of those same roses fell, withered by the banquet-lights, from her hot brows into the wine she loved too well; and he, watching, saw in them only a symbol of life's joys, and not of his wasted life. Oh I knew them all, soldiers, poets, idlers, gentle maids and haughty matrons, courtizans,—all; and they have not changed one whit. They are the same to-day those mortals, throwing flowers at the carnival in Nice yonder or watching the bull-fighters and wrestlers at Marseilles. Ah the old life! I hear you talk of banquets, what would you say if you had supped with Lucullus in the Hall of Apollo? Lucullus, there was a man! How would your under-bred millionaires show beside him? Many a time I have watched him walking in his gardens on the Pincian where the ilex boughs diapered the ways, just as they do to-day, I dare say, when the sun shines. By Pollux! he was lucky in not living longer, or the imperial harlot who coveted those gardens of his would have dealt with him as she did with Valerius Asiaticus. Venus, what a jade she was, with her brow of bronze and jaw of steel! But the eye was a queen's through it all; she never killed her Roman soul. Aye, would

you believe it? I watched with her that last awful night when the storm from Ostia had broken, and when deserted by all save the mother who bore her, she sobbed the hours away. Aye, I heard them talk and murmur together of many things; and if such knowledge may appease the spirits of the dead they must have found sweet solace in the knowing that she tasted at length what she had made others feel, as she cursed and cursed again her nerveless hand! Yet, when the dawn and death came, she met them not unworthily, I thought."

"Oh cease," murmured a noble Provence Rose blowing near; "your Rome was all blood and mud!"

"Nay, not so; they were good too, those Roman dames," replied the Centifolia dreamily, "and they loved me well. Think of Octavia taking that drunken fool's children into her house when Actium had avenged his insults. Have you never heard of Agrippina, the pride of Roman matrons, or of Cecilia Metella? I knew them both, and that gentle lady her husband called the light of his house. But I loved Octavia best; the sweet dame, it seems only yesterday I saw her seated beside Augustus, listening to Virgil's silver voice extolling the lost hope of Rome. Ah, how her head dropped when he came to the line *Tu Marcellus eris!*"

"He was well paid for that," remarked an odd, wheezing voice; it came from a spray of Ivy nodding in the breeze.

"And what if he was, old eaves-dropper?" cried the Centifolia, angry at the interruption, and moreover disliking the Ivy who is, gardeners will tell you, the enemy of all flowers.

"Only this," replied the Ivy smoothly; "that if one elects to celebrate departed worth, it surely is no disadvantage if the deceased has

imperial relations. The brothers Sosii could hardly afford ten thousand sesterces a line. After all, a good deal depends upon the power of selection, as the critics say. But you were speaking of good women; surely the list is not exhausted; there were saints in Cæsar's household?"

"There were, and beyond it," answered the Centifolia gallantly. "I have known them as numerous as your leaves upon that wall; yet, they are all gone, forgotten just like the petals of my roses which bloomed two thousand years ago!"

"Dites moi où en quel pays
Est Flora, la belle Romaine,"

quoted La Valérie flippantly.

"What do you know about those things," continued the Centifolia turning on her, "you who can only tell us dull tales of the boulevards and the absinthe-drinkers? Or even you, White Queen? When you are not sulking you are edifying us with pious conversation, as Père Meudon calls it, though he always smiles saying so, for he is a dear human creature. By Hercules! I have seen priests just like him sunning themselves upon the Capitol steps a thousand times, simple kindly men who kept my Rome sweet by their lives. Look there, where that slip is leafing in the corner yonder; he planted it last October, and told Mademoiselle a story about one Francis d'Assissi and roses that bloomed twice in the year on account of his sanctity. Well, my sisters, I shook all over, for of course I remembered Pastum and its twice blooming roses,—*biferique rosaria Pasti*. Of course he believed it; but there is no new thing under the sun as the Jewish book says."

The White Rose felt called upon to testify. "You do not distinguish between a miracle and a merely natural phenomenon," she said quietly.

The Centifolia made a noise with

her leaves, which in a mortal would have been equivalent to the sound produced by flapping the tongue against the roof of the mouth. "I do not deny anything you say, my lady," she observed; "and I decline to draw distinctions. I am not a Greek; but you are by no means so original as you would have us believe. All you taught has been taught before you."

"But," cried Valérie, "she practised what you preached!"

"You will spare me your championship," said the White Rose coldly.

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," observed the Ivy to the Provence Rose. "Oh, my cabbage, how those Christians love one another! Kill them all; God will know His own!"

The flower grew a deep red, crimson as the blood that flowed at Beziers, but she did not take the bait. "You shall not set us by the ears," she said. "You act as if you were a mortal; why were you not a man? Machiavelli would have appreciated you."

"There were worse than he," answered the Ivy. "I am older than any of you, and I should know the world by this; and to know men is to despise them."

"And to know women?" asked Valérie, who had overheard.

The Ivy's leaves twinkled leeringly in the sun, but there was no reply, and the Centifolia shook her buds indignantly. "By Pollux, this old fellow wearies me with his shrugs!" she cried. "Oh Bacchus, why did you choose so crabbed a thing to wreath your thyrsus, when you had my blooms?"

"Because Bacchus knew love is only a thing of an hour, but that folly is perennial; and so he took a plant that never fades to crown his wine-cup, emblem of the maddest folly of all, the folly which buys forgetfulness at such a price."

"Hear how he preaches," whispered the Centifolia.

"Ah, my sermons do not hurt," retorted the Ivy, "for, as the Devil said when he took the Priest's place, there is no unction in them."

"Come," said Valérie, "you must have known something good in all your time; did you ever meet a woman like the dead ladies the Centifolia has told us of, a woman you could respect?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the Ivy; "because I think all women equally worthy of respect."

"Oh Bacchus, how he carps!" muttered the Centifolia. "What do you here in a garden? Get back to the libraries and the critics, and poison them with your own bitterness."

"Let us hear about the good woman the Ivy knew," continued La Valérie; "it is sure to be amusing. Was she a Vestal?"

"She died one," replied the Ivy drily; "and whether it be amusing, you shall judge. Once upon a time there lived two sisters in Rome, born at the same birth and as much alike as two of your twin buds. They were called Hilaria and Claudia. The former was a Vestal; the latter dwelt with her father and brothers on the Celian Hill in a mansion whose atrium boasted trophies of the Jugurthine and Mithridatic wars. Hers was a pleasant life, and the hour when she should be borne over the threshold of a husband's home was rapidly approaching with each day's march of a returning legion in which her betrothed, one Sempronius, held a command. They had been engaged two years before, on the eve of his departure for a Parthian campaign. She was a winsome wench, keeping something of the high Roman look about the eyes; many a time I noted it as I watched her tripping down to the forum to consult the Golden Milestone, the focus of the myriad roads that

ran to Rome, or over to the Aventine where she would weary Diana for an oracle. And she got one, I recollect; it said happiness should come to her through the Capenan Gate. Poor maid, she was delighted, for, as you know, the gate spanned the Appian Way by which the legion would enter the city from Brundisium; but I understood. On the same day she received another message by no means so oracular. It informed her that the fatal misfortune of discovery had befallen her sister, who had chosen to solace her dreary hours by playing Egeria to the Numa of an unknown lover, though there were whispers that he was no other than the madman who then ruled the Empire. The penalty was death, and Hilaria prayed for help. Claudia was rich: the guards were bribed; and that night the sisters fled from the city. They might as well have stayed on the Celian, for the walls of Rome stretched then from the Pillars of Hercules to the banks of the Euphrates. Next day the lictors came up with them at shadow-haunted Tibur. The guilty sister strove to stab herself, but failing fainted; Claudia surrendered herself as the Vestal, and ere the morrow's noon drank the hemlock which had been mercifully substituted for the older punishment."

"But where was the other?" cried Valérie.

"Ah, this is the amusing part," replied the Ivy. "Finding herself, on returning to consciousness, alone, and divining what had occurred, Hilaria retraced her steps and sought, like some poor hunted thing, the house upon the Celian. Here she was actually received as Claudia, and taking up the thread of her sister's life, cultivated, you may believe, the *sal-lentis semita vitar*. Finally she married Sempronius, as Claudia, and made him a very good wife; but it was most amusing to see her going gravely to

the temple of Juno on great festival days, like the Matronalia, though she always kept within doors on that of the Vestalia."

"How accommodating of Sempromius!" said the Rose dreamily.

"Oh, he was thinking only of her dower, and how it might yet help him to a consulship," answered the Ivy. "A proud, pre-occupied, ambitious fool! Such men have ever made laughter for Olympus."

"And Claudia?" asked La Valérie.

"Ah, they never spoke of her," replied the Ivy. "Besides, she was not so great a heroine after all, for she secretly hoped Vesta would vindicate her as she vindicated the other Claudia; but the age of miracles was past. However, it is all one now."

The Centifolia expanded her leaves. "That is quite true," she said. "Oh, the millions I have seen, just like Claudia! She was fortunate in dying at once; but the others,—waiting on the happiness of some selfish woman, or worse, upon the gratitude of some man! Righteousness, abnegation,—I never saw either come to more than badness. The good die and are forgotten, as are the bad; only their days are sadder,—that is all!"

La Valérie uttered a short laughing rustle; the White Queen disdained reply.

"Oh shame upon you sisters!" said a gentle voice from a clump of Way Bernet, a learned plant which had bloomed in many a Benedictine garden. "Nothing is lost, nothing is forgotten. Did not a poet, older than any your Rome knew, say that though the path of virtue was steep, yet not one drop of sweat from upward-toiling mortals would be lost? And were they happy, those mighty Cæsars? Ah, you could tell how their faces looked when the mask slipped aside, and they thought themselves alone! It is not in fable only that the Furies pursue Orestes. And even men themselves bear wit-

ness. Yonder, in that England whence the White Rose comes, there is a mighty abbey, and in it the graves of two queens. One was great and lion-hearted, and died the mistress of a glorious realm; the other died upon a scaffold! Yet, for one who goes to see Elizabeth's eagle face looking upward from her alabaster bed, a hundred throng to find the spot where Marie lies."

"Paul, Paul, thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian!" sneered the Centifolia.

"And they grow better, those poor mortals who love us so well," said a tuft of Lavender over whose spikes two white butterflies were hovering. "The shadow of the Cross has not fallen upon the world in vain. The Empire which to-day has taken the place of Rome in men's eyes is better than the Rome we knew, the Empire—"

"Republic, if you please," remarked La Valérie, humbly.

"Forgive me," murmured the Lavender; "our France yields to none, and if we seek for goodness we need not cross her frontier. Only the all-seeing God can tell what priests like Père Meudon do in this groaning world; if we seek for good women we need not go beyond our Mademoiselle. Upstairs in her chamber is a bridal-dress carefully laid away with my sprays among its folds; it is made after a fashion forgotten these thirty years. The man whom she was to marry jilted her. She never complained, but went her way as before, though she wept sometimes. He married the woman who had won his fickle love, but falling on evil times and sickness, she deserted him and his child. When he died Mademoiselle sought her out, a girl of seventeen now, and strove vainly to save her from the road whither her instincts pointed. Trouble lost, you say!

Wait; no good thing is ever done in vain. Only last week Père Meudon received a letter written from that unhappy woman's death-bed, praying forgiveness of Mademoiselle and commending to her care her own little daughter whom she would have rescued from the life and the fate of her ill-starred mother. Do you not think Mademoiselle's sweet patience blossomed and bore fruit? Père Meudon brings the child here to-day, the grandchild of the man who wrought so cruel a wrong. Ah, my sisters, goodness grows unseen of mortal eyes; but vice flaunts herself in the streets, and so men are blinded, seeing only the outside of things."

"I never knew before that the linen-press was so excellent a field for observation," observed La Valérie.

"I was the companion of queens," said the little grey lady coldly. "I have known the home-lives of the women in that far-off England we spoke of, and I know the grey old world must grow better if the hand which rocks the cradle rules it. From splendid Eliza to imperial Victoria I have companioned them; and I am sure that for one good woman of ancient Rome I could count a thousand, east and west, daughters of the great Empire which I have watched increase until it shadowed the globe."

"Nevertheless, the sun shines brightly here," said Valérie Marneffe. She uttered the phrase so lightly that she seemed unconscious of its significance; but the Lily, who had often caught the brave smile upon the face of Jeanne D'Arc, looked across the garden towards the Warwick Rose, who answered with a clear, high glance; the Marguerites nodded gaily to a dancing sprig of yellow Broom, and the Pansies to the knightly Columbine

growing beside some Trefoil in an unweeded border. The Lavender was silent.

"Ah, why should we quarrel for names?" said the Herb Bennett gently. "We belong to the world; we are the dear God's gift to mortals. Let us brighten their brief and troubled hours as we may, for soon the night comes and they see us no more. Oh the pity of their little lives! How they fret and struggle and plan, as if they had Eternity behind them,—they who cannot count upon an instant of time! But still through it all they do fight on, wounded by their sins, blinded by their senses, to the goal where Truth stands waiting——"

"*Quid est Veritas*," interrupted the Centifolia wearily. "What a pity Pilate did not stay for an answer; it would have saved much ink!"

The Ivy twinkled. "How little you know men!" he said. "It would have made no difference; they would squabble about authorised versions all the same."

"But they are getting better, you know," cooed La Valérie. "The lion will lie down with the lamb, presently, — when he has finished dinner. Progress? they babble over some such shibboleth at the end of every century. Yesterday it was Jean Jacques Rousseau: to-day it is some other charlatan; but they remain beasts and fools always."

"Nevertheless," said the Ivy, in the charitable hope of provoking a fresh discussion, "they are very interesting studies. Evil we can understand and expect; but when all is said there remains a vast residuum of unaccountable good in human nature."

Then the flowers were silent, for up the gravelled walk came an old man leading a little child.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

THE BLUE ROOM.

It happened twice in my time. It will never happen again, they say, since Miss Erristoun (Mrs. Arthur, that is now,) and Mr. Calder-Maxwell between them found out the secret of the haunted room, and laid the ghost; for ghost it was, though at the time Mr. Maxwell gave it another name, Latin, I fancy, but all I can remember about it now is that it somehow reminded me of poultry-rearing. I am the housekeeper at Mertoun Towers, as my aunt was before me, and her aunt before her, and first of all my great-grandmother, who was a distant cousin of the Laird, and had married the chaplain, but being left penniless at her husband's death, was thankful to accept the post which has ever since been occupied by one of her descendants. It gives us a sort of standing with the servants, being, as it were, related to the family; and Sir Archibald and my Lady have always acknowledged the connection, and treated us with more freedom than would be accorded to ordinary dependants.

Mertoun has been my home from the time I was eighteen. Something occurred then of which, since it has nothing to do with this story, I need only say that it wiped out for ever any idea of marriage on my part, and I came to the Towers to be trained under my aunt's vigilant eye for the duties in which I was one day to succeed her.

Of course I knew there was a story about the blue tapestry room. Everyone knew that, though the old Laird had given strict orders that the subject should not be discussed among the

servants, and always discouraged any allusion to it on the part of his family and guests. But there is a strange fascination about everything connected with the supernatural, and orders or no orders, people, whether gentle or simple, will try to gratify their curiosity; so a good deal of surreptitious talk went on both in the drawing-room and the servants' hall, and hardly a guest came to the house but would pay a visit to the Blue Room and ask all manner of questions about the ghost. The odd part of the business was that no one knew what the ghost was supposed to be, or even if there were any ghost at all. I tried hard to get my aunt to tell me some details of the legend, but she always reminded me of Sir Archibald's orders, and added that the tale most likely started with the superstitious fancy of people who lived long ago and were very ignorant, because a certain Lady Barbara Mertoun had died in that room.

I reminded her that people must have died, at some time or other, in pretty nearly every room in the house, and no one had thought of calling them haunted, or hinting that it was unsafe to sleep there.

She answered that Sir Archibald himself had used the Blue Room, and one or two other gentlemen, who had passed the night there for a wager, and they had neither seen nor heard anything unusual. For her part, she added, she did not hold with people wasting their time thinking of such folly, when they had much better be giving their minds to their proper business.

Somehow her professions of incred-

lity did not ring true, and I wasn't satisfied, though I gave up asking questions. But if I said nothing, I thought the more, and often when my duties took me to the Blue Room I would wonder why, if nothing had happened there, and there was no real mystery, the room was never used; it had not even a mattress on the fine carved bedstead, which was only covered by a sheet to keep it from the dust. And then I would steal into the portrait gallery to look at the great picture of the Lady Barbara, who had died in the full bloom of her youth, no one knew why, for she was just found one morning stiff and cold, stretched across that fine bed under the blue tapestried canopy.

She must have been a beautiful woman, with her great black eyes and splendid auburn hair, though I doubt her beauty was all on the outside, for she had belonged to the gayest set of the Court, which was none too respectable in those days, if half the tales one hears of it are true; and indeed a modest lady would hardly have been painted in such a dress, all slipping off her shoulders, and so thin that one can see right through the stuff. There must have been something queer about her too, for they do say her father-in-law, who was known as the wicked Lord Mertoun, would not have her buried with the rest of the family; but that might have been his spite, because he was angry that she had no child, and her husband, who was but a sickly sort of man, dying of consumption but a month later, there was no direct heir; so that with the old Lord the title became extinct, and the estates passed to the Protestant branch of the family, of which the present Sir Archibald Mertoun is the head. Be that as it may, Lady Barbara lies by herself in the churchyard, near the lych-gate, under a grand marble tomb indeed, but all

alone, while her husband's coffin has its place beside those of his brothers who died before him, among their ancestors and descendants in the great vault under the chancel.

I often used to think about her, and wonder why she died, and how; and then it happened and the mystery grew deeper than ever.

There was a family-gathering that Christmas, I remember, the first Christmas for many years that had been kept at Mertoun, and we had been very busy arranging the rooms for the different guests, for on New Year's Eve there was a ball in the neighbourhood, to which Lady Mertoun was taking a large party, and for that night, at least, the house was as full as it would hold.

I was in the linen-room, helping to sort the sheets and pillow-covers for the different beds, when my Lady came in with an open letter in her hand.

She began to talk to my aunt in a low voice, explaining something which seemed to have put her out, for when I returned from carrying a pile of linen to the head-housemaid, I heard her say: "It is too annoying to upset all one's arrangements at the last moment. Why couldn't she have left the girl at home and brought another maid, who could be squeezed in somewhere without any trouble?"

I gathered that one of the visitors, Lady Grayburn, had written that she was bringing her companion, and as she had left her maid, who was ill, at home, she wanted the young lady to have a bedroom adjoining hers, so that she might be at hand to give any help that was required. The request seemed a trifling matter enough in itself, but it just so happened that there really was no room at liberty. Every bedroom on the first corridor was occupied, with the exception of the Blue Room, which, as ill-luck would have

it, chanced to be next to that arranged for Lady Grayburn.

My aunt made several suggestions, but none of them seemed quite practicable, and at last my Lady broke out: "Well, it cannot be helped; you must put Miss Wood in the Blue Room. It is only for one night, and she won't know anything about that silly story."

"Oh, my Lady!" my aunt cried, and I knew by her tone that she had not spoken the truth when she professed to think so lightly of the ghost.

"I can't help it," her Ladyship answered: "beside I don't believe there is anything really wrong with the room. Sir Archibald has slept there, and he found no cause for complaint."

"But a woman, a young woman," my aunt urged; "indeed I wouldn't run such a risk, my Lady; let me put one of the gentlemen in there, and Miss Wood can have the first room in the west corridor."

"And what use would she be to Lady Grayburn out there?" said her Ladyship. "Don't be foolish, my good Marris. Unlock the door between the two rooms; Miss Wood can leave it open if she feels nervous; but I shall not say a word about that foolish superstition, and I shall be very much annoyed if any one else does so."

She spoke as if that settled the question, but my aunt wasn't easy. "The Laird," she murmured; "what will he say to a lady being put to sleep there?"

"Sir Archibald does not interfere in household arrangements. Have the Blue Room made ready for Miss Wood at once. I will take the responsibility,—if there is any."

On that her Ladyship went away, and there was nothing for it but to carry out her orders. The Blue Room was prepared, a great fire lighted, and

when I went round last thing to see all was in order for the visitor's arrival, I couldn't but think how handsome and comfortable it looked. There were candles burning brightly on the toilet-table and chimney-piece, and a fine blaze of logs on the wide hearth. I saw nothing had been overlooked, and was closing the door when my eyes fell on the bed. It was crumpled just as if someone had thrown themselves across it, and I was vexed that the housemaids should have been so careless, especially with the smart new quilt. I went round, and patted up the feathers, and smoothed the counterpane, just as the carriages drove under the window.

By and by Lady Grayburn and Miss Wood came up-stairs, and knowing they had brought no maid, I went to assist in the unpacking. I was a long time in her Ladyship's room, and when I'd settled her I tapped at the next door and offered to help Miss Wood. Lady Grayburn followed me almost immediately to inquire the whereabouts of some keys. She spoke very sharply, I thought, to her companion, who seemed a timid, delicate slip of a girl, with nothing noticeable about her except her hair, which was lovely, pale golden, and heaped in thick coils all round her small head.

"You will certainly be late," Lady Grayburn said. "What an age you have been, and you have not half finished unpacking yet." The young lady murmured something about there being so little time. "You have had time to sprawl on the bed instead of getting ready," was the retort, and as Miss Wood meekly denied the imputation, I looked over my shoulder at the bed, and saw there the same strange indentation I had noticed before. It made my heart beat faster, for without any reason at all I felt certain that crease must have something to do with Lady Barbara.

Miss Wood didn't go to the ball. She had supper in the schoolroom with the young ladies' governess, and as I heard from one of the maids that she was to sit up for Lady Grayburn, I took her some wine and sandwiches about twelve o'clock. She stayed in the schoolroom, with a book, till the first party came home soon after two. I'd been round the rooms with the housemaid to see the fires were kept up, and I wasn't surprised to find that queer crease back on the bed again; indeed, I sort of expected it. I said nothing to the maid, who didn't seem to have noticed anything out of the way, but I told my aunt, and though she answered sharply that I was talking nonsense, she turned quite pale, and I heard her mutter something under breath that sounded like "God help her!"

I slept badly that night, for, do what I would, the thought of that poor young lady alone in the Blue Room kept me awake and restless. I was nervous, I suppose, and once, just as I was dropping off, I started up, fancying I'd heard a scream. I opened my door and listened, but there wasn't a sound, and after waiting a bit I crept back to bed, and lay there shivering till I fell asleep.

The household wasn't astir as early as usual. Every one was tired after the late night, and tea wasn't to be sent to the ladies till half-past nine. My aunt said nothing about the ghost, but I noticed she was fidgety, and asked almost first thing if anyone had been to Miss Wood's room. I was telling her that Martha, one of the housemaids, had just taken up the tray, when the girl came running in with a scared, white face. "For pity's sake, Mrs. Marri's," she cried, "come to the Blue Room; something awful has happened!"

My aunt stopped to ask no questions. She ran straight up-stairs, and

as I followed I heard her muttering to herself, "I knew it, I knew it. Oh Lord! what will my Lady feel like now?"

If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget that poor girl's face. It was just as if she'd been frozen with terror. Her eyes were wide open and fixed, and her little hands clenched in the coverlet on each side of her as she lay across the bed in the very place where that crease had been.

Of course the whole house was aroused. Sir Archibald sent one of the grooms post-haste for the doctor, but he could do nothing when he came; Miss Wood had been dead for at least five hours.

It was a sad business. All the visitors went away as soon as possible, except Lady Grayburn, who was obliged to stay for the inquest.

In his evidence, the doctor stated death was due to failure of heart's action, occasioned possibly by some sudden shock; and though the jury did not say so in their verdict, it was an open secret that they blamed her Ladyship for permitting Miss Wood to sleep in the haunted room. No one could have reproached her more bitterly than she did herself, poor lady; and if she had done wrong she certainly suffered for it, for she never recovered from the shock of that dreadful morning, and became more or less of an invalid till her death five years later.

All this happened in 184—. It was fifty years before another woman slept in the Blue Room, and fifty years had brought with them many changes. The old Laird was gathered to his fathers, and his son, the present Sir Archibald, reigned in his stead; his sons were grown men, and Mr. Charles, the eldest, married, with a fine little boy of his own. My aunt had been dead many a year, and I was an old woman, though active

and able as ever to keep the maids up to their work. They take more looking after now, I think, than in the old days before there was so much talk of education, and when young women who took service thought less of dress and more of dusting. Not but what education is a fine thing in its proper place, that is, for gentlefolk. If Miss Erristoun, now, hadn't been the clever, strong-minded young lady she is, she'd never have cleared the Blue Room of its terrible secret, and lived to make Mr. Arthur the happiest man alive.

He'd taken a great deal of notice of her when she first came in the summer to visit Mrs. Charles, and I wasn't surprised to find she was one of the guests for the opening of the shooting-season. It wasn't a regular house-party (for Sir Archibald and Lady Mertoun were away), but just half-a-dozen young ladies, friends of Mrs. Charles, who was but a girl herself, and as many gentlemen that Mr. Charles and Mr. Arthur had invited. And very gay they were, what with lunches at the covert-side, and tennis-parties, and little dances got up at a few hours' notice, and sometimes of an evening they'd play hide-and-seek all over the house just as if they'd been so many children.

It surprised me at first to see Miss Erristoun, who was said to be so learned, and had held her own with all the gentlemen at Cambridge, playing with the rest like any ordinary young lady; but she seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any one, and was always first in any amusement that was planned. I didn't wonder at Mr. Arthur's fancying her, for she was a handsome girl, tall and finely made, and carried herself like a princess. She had a wonderful head of hair, too, so long, her maid told me, it touched the ground as she sat on a chair to have it brushed. Every-

body seemed to take to her, but I soon noticed it was Mr. Arthur or Mr. Calder-Maxwell she liked best to be with.

Mr. Maxwell is a Professor now, and a great man at Oxford; but then he was just an undergraduate the same as Mr. Arthur, though more studious, for he'd spend hours in the library poring over those old books full of queer black characters, that they say the wicked Lord Mertoun collected in the time of King Charles the Second. Now and then Miss Erristoun would stay indoors to help him, and it was something they found out in their studies that gave them the clue to the secret of the Blue Room.

For a long time after Miss Wood's death all mention of the ghost was strictly forbidden. Neither the Laird nor her Ladyship could bear the slightest allusion to the subject, and the Blue Room was kept locked, except when it had to be cleaned and aired. But as the years went by the edge of the tragedy wore off, and by degrees it grew to be just a story that people talked about in much the same way as they had done when I first came to the Towers; and if many believed in the mystery and speculated as to what the ghost could be, there were others who didn't hesitate to declare Miss Wood's dying in that room was a mere coincidence, and had nothing to do with supernatural agency. Miss Erristoun was one of those who held most strongly to this theory. She didn't believe a bit in ghosts, and said straight out that there wasn't any of the tales told of haunted houses which could not be traced to natural causes, if people had courage and science enough to investigate them thoroughly.

It had been very wet all that day, and the gentlemen had stayed indoors, and nothing would serve Mrs. Charles

but they should all have an old-fashioned tea in my room and "talk ghosts," as she called it. They made me tell them all I knew about the Blue Room, and it was then, when every one was discussing the story and speculating as to what the ghost could be, that Miss Erristoun spoke up. "The poor girl had heart-complaint," she finished by saying, "and she would have died the same way in any other room."

"But what about the other people who have slept there?" someone objected.

"They did not die. Old Sir Archibald came to no harm, neither did Mr. Hawsworth, nor the other man. They were healthy, and had plenty of pluck, so they saw nothing."

"They were not women," put in Mrs. Charles; "you see the ghost only appears to the weaker sex."

"That proves the story to be a mere legend," Miss Erristoun said with decision. "First it was reported that everyone who slept in the room died. Then one or two men did sleep there, and remained alive; so the tale had to be modified, and since one woman could be proved to have died suddenly there, the fatality was represented as attaching to women only. If a girl with a sound constitution and good nerve were once to spend the night in that room, your charming family-spectre would be discredited for ever."

There was a perfect chorus of dissent. None of the ladies could agree, and most of the gentlemen doubted whether any woman's nerve would stand the ordeal. The more they argued the more Miss Erristoun persisted in her view, till at last Mrs. Charles got vexed, and cried: "Well, it is one thing to talk about it, and another to do it. Confess now, Edith, you daren't sleep in that room yourself."

"I dare and I will," she answered directly. "I don't believe in ghosts,

and I am ready to stand the test. I will sleep in the Blue Room to-night, if you like, and to-morrow morning you will have to confess that whatever there may be against the haunted chamber, it is not a ghost."

I think Mrs. Charles was sorry she'd spoken then, for they all took Miss Erristoun up, and the gentlemen were for laying wagers as to whether she'd see anything or not. When it was too late she tried to laugh aside her challenge as absurd, but Miss Erristoun wouldn't be put off. She said she meant to see the thing through, and if she wasn't allowed to have a bed made up, she'd carry in her blankets and pillows, and camp out on the floor.

The others were all laughing and disputing together, but I saw Mr. Maxwell look at her very curiously. Then he drew Mr. Arthur aside, and began to talk in an undertone. I couldn't hear what he said, but Mr. Arthur answered quite short:

"It's the maddest thing I ever heard of, and I won't allow it for a moment."

"She will not ask your permission perhaps," Mr. Maxwell retorted. Then he turned to Mrs. Charles, and inquired how long it was since the Blue Room had been used, and if it was kept aired. I could speak to that, and when he'd heard that there was no bedding there, but that fires were kept up regularly, he said he meant to have the first refusal of the ghost, and if he saw nothing it would be time enough for Miss Erristoun to take her turn.

Mr. Maxwell had a kind of knack of settling things, and somehow with his quiet manner always seemed to get his own way. Just before dinner he came to me with Mrs. Charles, and said it was all right, I was to get the room made ready quietly, not for all the servants to know, and he was going to sleep there.

I heard next morning that he came down to breakfast as usual. He'd had an excellent night, he said, and never slept better.

It was wet again that morning, raining "cats and dogs," but Mr. Arthur went out in it all. He'd almost quarrelled with Miss Erristoun, and was furious with Mr. Maxwell for encouraging her in her idea of testing the ghost-theory, as they called it. Those two were together in the library most of the day, and Mrs. Charles was chaffing Miss Erristoun as they went up-stairs to dress, and asking her if she found the demons interesting. Yes, she said, but there was a page missing in the most exciting part of the book. They could not make head or tail of the context for some time, and then Mr. Maxwell discovered that a leaf had been cut out. They talked of nothing else all through dinner, the butler told me, and Miss Erristoun seemed so taken up with her studies, I hoped she'd forgotten about the haunted room. But she wasn't one of the sort to forget. Later in the evening I came across her standing with Mr. Arthur in the corridor. He was talking very earnestly, and I saw her shrug her shoulders and just look up at him and smile, in a sort of way that meant she wasn't going to give in. I was slipping quietly by, for I didn't want to disturb them, when Mr. Maxwell came out of the billiard-room. "It's our game," he said; "won't you come and play the tie?"

"I'm quite ready," Miss Erristoun answered, and was turning away, when Mr. Arthur laid his hand on her arm. "Promise me first," he urged, "promise me that much, at least."

"How tiresome you are!" she said quite pettishly. "Very well then, I promise; and now please, don't worry me any more."

Mr. Arthur watched her go back to

the billiard-room with his friend, and he gave a sort of groan. Then he caught sight of me and came along the passage. "She won't give it up," he said, and his face was quite white. "I've done all I can; I'd have telegraphed to my father, but I don't know where they'll stay in Paris, and anyway there'd be no time to get an answer. Mrs. Marris, she's going to sleep in that d—— room, and if anything happens to her—I——" he broke off short, and threw himself on to the window-seat, hiding his face on his folded arms.

I could have cried for sympathy with his trouble. Mr. Arthur has always been a favourite of mine, and I felt downright angry with Miss Erristoun for making him so miserable just out of a bit of bravado.

"I think they are all mad," he went on presently. "Charley ought to have stopped the whole thing at once, but Kate and the others have talked him round. He professes to believe there's no danger, and Maxwell has got his head full of some rubbish he has found in those beastly books on Demonology, and he's backing her up. She won't listen to a word I say. She told me point-blank she'd never speak to me again if I interfered. She doesn't care a hang for me; I know that now, but I can't help it; I—I'd give my life for her."

I did my best to comfort him, saying Miss Erristoun wouldn't come to any harm; but it wasn't a bit of use, for I didn't believe in my own assurances. I felt nothing but ill could come of such tempting of Providence, and I seemed to see that other poor girl's terrible face as it had looked when we found her dead in that wicked room. However, it is a true saying that "a wilful woman will have her way," and we could do nothing to prevent Miss Erristoun's risking her life; but I made up my

mind, to one thing, whatever other people might do, *I* wasn't going to bed that night.

I'd been getting the winter-hangings into order, and the upholstress had used the little boudoir at the end of the long corridor for her work. I made up the fire, brought in a fresh lamp, and when the house was quiet, I crept down and settled myself there to watch. It wasn't ten yards from the door of the Blue Room, and over the thick carpet I could pass without making a sound, and listen at the keyhole. Miss Erristoun had promised Mr. Arthur she would not lock her door; it was the one concession he'd been able to obtain from her. The ladies went to their rooms about eleven, but Miss Erristoun stayed talking to Mrs. Charles for nearly an hour while her maid was brushing her hair. I saw her go to the Blue Room, and by and by Louise left her, and all was quiet. It must have been half-past one before I thought I heard something moving outside. I opened the door and looked out, and there was Mr. Arthur standing in the passage. He gave a start when he saw me. "You are sitting up," he said, coming into the room; "then you do believe there is evil work on hand to-night? The others have gone to bed, but I can't rest; it's no use my trying to sleep. I meant to stay in the smoking-room, but it is so far away; I couldn't hear there even if she called for help. I've listened at the door; there isn't a sound. Can't you go in and see if it's all right? Oh, Marris, if she should——"

I knew what he meant, but I wasn't going to admit *that* possible,—yet. "I can't go into a lady's room without any reason," I said; "but I've been to the door every few minutes for the last hour and more. It wasn't till half-past twelve that Miss Erristoun

stopped moving about, and I don't believe, Mr. Arthur, that God will let harm come to her, without giving those that care for her some warning. I mean to keep on listening, and if there's the least hint of anything wrong, why I'll go to her at once, and you are at hand here to help."

I talked to him a bit more till he seemed more reasonable, and then we sat there waiting, hardly speaking a word except when, from time to time, I went outside to listen. The house was deathly quiet; there was something terrible, I thought, in the stillness; not a sign of life anywhere save just in the little boudoir, where Mr. Arthur paced up and down, or sat with a strained look on his face, watching the door.

As three o'clock struck, I went out again. There is a window in the corridor, angle for angle with the boudoir-door. As I passed, some one stepped from behind the curtains and a voice whispered: "Don't be frightened Mrs. Marris; it is only me, Calder-Maxwell. Mr. Arthur is there, isn't he?" He pushed open the boudoir door. "May I come in?" he said softly. "I guessed you'd be about, Mertoun. I'm not at all afraid myself, but if there is anything in that little legend, it is as well for some of us to be on hand. It was a good idea of yours to get Mrs. Marris to keep watch with you."

Mr. Arthur looked at him as black as thunder. "If you didn't *know* there was something in it," he said, "you wouldn't be here now; and knowing that, you're nothing less than a blackguard for egging that girl on to risk her life, for the sake of trying to prove your insane theories. You are no friend of mine after this, and I'll never willingly see you or speak to you again."

I was fairly frightened at his words, and for how Mr. Maxwell

might take them; but he just smiled, and lighted a cigarette, quite cool and quiet.

"I'm not going to quarrel with you, old chap," he said. "You're a bit on the strain to-night, and when a man has nerves he mustn't be held responsible for all his words." Then he turned to me. "You're a sensible woman, Mrs. Marris, and a brave one too, I fancy. If I stay here with Mr. Arthur, will you keep close outside Miss Erristoun's door? She may talk in her sleep quietly; that's of no consequence; but if she should cry out, go in at once, at *once*, you understand; we shall hear you, and follow immediately."

At that Mr. Arthur was on his feet. "You know more than you pretend," he cried. "You slept in that room last night. By Heaven, if you've played any trick on her I'll——"

Mr. Maxwell held the door open. "Will you go, please, Mrs. Marris?" he said in his quiet way. "Mertoun, don't be a d— fool."

I went as he told me, and I give you my word I was all ears, for I felt certain Mr. Maxwell knew more than we did, and that he expected something to happen.

It seemed like hours, though I know now it could not have been more than a quarter of that time, before I could be positive someone was moving behind that closed door.

At first I thought it was only my own heart, which was beating against my ribs like a hammer; but soon I could distinguish footsteps, and a sort of murmur like someone speaking continuously, but very low. Then a voice (it was Miss Erristoun's this time) said, "No, it is impossible; I am dreaming, I must be dreaming." There was a kind of rustling as though she were moving quickly across the floor. I had my fingers on the handle, but I

seemed as if I'd lost power to stir; I could only wait for what might come next.

Suddenly she began to say something out loud. I could not make out the words, which didn't sound like English, but almost directly she stopped short. "I can't remember any more," she cried in a troubled tone. "What shall I do? I can't——" There was a pause. Then—"No, no!" she shrieked. "Oh, Arthur, Arthur!"

At that my strength came back to me, and I flung open the door.

There was a night-lamp burning on the table, and the room was quite light. Miss Erristoun was standing by the bed; she seemed to have backed up against it; her hands were down at her sides, her fingers clutching at the quilt. Her face was white as a sheet, and her eyes staring wide with terror, as well they might,—I know I never had such a shock in my life, for if it was my last word, I swear there was a man standing close in front of her. He turned and looked at me as I opened the door, and I saw his face as plain as I did hers. He was young and very handsome, and his eyes shone like an animal's when you see them in the dark.

"Arthur!" Miss Erristoun gasped again, and I saw she was fainting. I sprang forward, and caught her by the shoulders just as she was falling back on to the bed.

It was all over in a second. Mr. Arthur had her in his arms, and when I looked up there were only us four in the room, for Mr. Maxwell had followed on Mr. Arthur's heels, and was kneeling beside me with his fingers on Miss Erristoun's pulse. "It's only a faint," he said, "she'll come round directly. Better take her out of this at once; here's a dressing-gown." He threw the wrapper round

her, and would have helped to raise her, but Mr. Arthur needed no assistance. He lifted Miss Erristoun as if she'd been a baby, and carried her straight to the boudoir. He laid her on the couch and knelt beside her, chafing her hands. "Get the brandy out of the smoking room, Maxwell," he said. "Mrs. Marris, have you any salts handy?"

I always carry a bottle in my pocket, so I gave it to him, before I ran after Mr. Maxwell, who had lighted a candle, and was going for the brandy. "Shall I wake Mr. Charles and the servants?" I cried. "He'll be hiding somewhere, but he hasn't had time to get out of the house yet."

He looked as if he thought I was crazed. "He—who?" he asked.

"The man," I said; "there was a man in Miss Erristoun's room. I'll call up Soames and Robert."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," he said sharply. "There was no man in that room."

"There was," I retorted, "for I saw him; and a great powerful man too. Someone ought to go for the police before he has time to get off."

Mr. Maxwell was always an odd sort of gentleman, but I didn't know what to make of the way he behaved then. He just leaned against the wall, and laughed till the tears came into his eyes.

"It is no laughing matter that I can see," I told him quite short, for I was angry at his treating the matter so lightly; "and I consider it no more than my duty to let Mr. Charles know that there's a burglar on the premises."

He grew grave at once then. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Marris," he said seriously; "but I couldn't help smiling at the idea of the police. The vicar would be more to the point, all things considered. You really must

not think of rousing the household; it might do Miss Erristoun a great injury, and could in no case be of the slightest use. Don't you understand? It was not a man at all you saw, it was an—well, it was what haunts the Blue Room."

Then he ran downstairs leaving me fairly dazed, for I'd made so sure what I'd seen was a real man, that I'd clean forgotten all about the ghost.

Miss Erristoun wasn't long regaining consciousness. She swallowed the brandy we gave her like a lamb, and sat up bravely, though she started at every sound, and kept her hand in Mr. Arthur's like a frightened child. It was strange, seeing how independent and stand-off she'd been with him before, but she seemed all the sweeter for the change. It was as if they'd come to an understanding without any words; and, indeed, he must have known she had cared for him all along, when she called out his name in her terror.

As soon as she'd recovered herself a little, Mr. Maxwell began asking questions. Mr. Arthur would have stopped him, but he insisted that it was of the greatest importance to hear everything while the impression was fresh; and when she had got over the first effort, Miss Erristoun seemed to find relief in telling her experience. She sat there with one hand in Mr. Arthur's while she spoke, and Mr. Maxwell wrote down what she said in his pocket-book.

She told us she went to bed quite easy, for she wasn't the least nervous, and being tired she soon dropped off to sleep. Then she had a sort of dream, I suppose, for she thought she was in the same room, only differently furnished, all but the bed. She described exactly how everything was arranged. She had the strangest feeling too, that she was not herself but someone else, and that she was

going to do something,—something that must be done, though she was frightened to death all the time, and kept stopping to listen at the inner door, expecting someone would hear her moving about and call out for her to go to them. That in itself was queer, for there was nobody sleeping in the adjoining room. In her dream, she went on to say, she saw a curious little silver brazier, one that stands in a cabinet in the picture-gallery (a fine example of *cinqe cento* work, I think I've heard my Lady call it), and this she remembered holding in her hands a long time, before she set it on a little table beside the bed. Now the bed in the Blue Room is very handsome, richly carved on the cornice and frame, and especially on the posts, which are a foot square at the base and covered with relief-work in a design of fruit and flowers. Miss Erristoun said she went to the left-hand post at the foot, and after passing her hand over the carving, she seemed to touch a spring in one of the centre flowers, and the panel fell outwards like a lid, disclosing a secret cupboard out of which she took some papers and a box. She seemed to know what to do with the papers, though she couldn't tell us what was written on them; and she had a distinct recollection of taking a pastille from the box, and lighting it in the silver brazier. The smoke curled up and seemed to fill the whole room with a heavy perfume, and the next thing she remembered was that she awoke to find herself standing in the middle of the floor, and,—what I had seen when I opened the door was there.

She turned quite white when she came to that part of the story, and shuddered. "I couldn't believe it," she said; "I tried to think I was still dreaming, but I wasn't, I wasn't. It was real, and it was there, and,—oh, it was horrible!"

She hid her face against Mr. Arthur's shoulder. Mr. Maxwell sat, pencil in hand, staring at her. "I was right then," he said. "I felt sure I was; but it seemed incredible."

"It is incredible," said Miss Erristoun; "but it is true, frightfully true. When I realised that I was awake, that it was actually real, I tried to remember the charge, you know, out of the office of exorcism, but I couldn't get through it. The words went out of my head; I felt my will-power failing; I was paralysed, as though I could make no effort to help myself and then,—then I—," she looked at Mr. Arthur and blushed all over her face and neck. "I thought of you, and I called,—I had a feeling that you would save me."

Mr. Arthur made no more ado about us than if we'd been a couple of dummies. He just put his arms round her and kissed her, while Mr. Maxwell and I looked the other way.

After a bit, Mr. Maxwell said: "One more question, please; what was it like?"

She answered after thinking for a minute. "It was like a man, tall and very handsome. I have an impression that its eyes were blue and very bright." Mr. Maxwell looked at me inquiringly, and I nodded. "And dressed?" he asked. She began to laugh almost hysterically. "It sounds too insane for words, but I think,—I am almost positive it wore ordinary evening dress."

"It is impossible," Mr. Arthur cried. "You were dreaming the whole time, that proves it."

"It doesn't," Mr. Maxwell contradicted. "They usually appeared in the costume of the day. You'll find that stated particularly both by Scott and Glanvil; Sprengergives an instance too. Besides, Mrs. Marris thought it was a burglar, which argues that the,—the manifestation was objective,

and presented no striking peculiarity in the way of clothing."

"What?" Miss Erristoun exclaimed. "You saw it too?" I told her exactly what I had seen. My description tallied with hers in everything, but the white shirt and tie, which from my position at the door I naturally should not be able to see.

Mr. Maxwell snapped the elastic round his note-book. For a long time he sat silently staring at the fire. "It is almost past belief," he said at last, speaking half to himself, "that such a thing could happen at the end of the nineteenth century, in these scientific rationalistic times that we think such a lot about, we, who look down from our superior intellectual height on the benighted superstitions of the Middle Ages." He gave an odd little laugh. "I'd like to get to the bottom of this business. I have a theory, and in the interest of psychical research and common humanity, I'd like to work it out. Miss Erristoun, you ought, I know, to have rest and quiet, and it is almost morning; but will you grant me one request. Before you are overwhelmed with questions, before you are made to relate your experience till the impression of to-night's adventure loses edge and clearness, will you go with Mertoun and myself to the Blue Room, and try to find the secret panel?"

"She shall never set foot inside that door again," Mr. Arthur began hotly, but Miss Erristoun laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Wait a moment, dear," she said gently; "let us hear Mr. Maxwell's reasons. Do you think," she went on, "that my dream had a foundation in fact; that something connected with that dreadful thing is really concealed about the room?"

"I think," he answered, "that you hold the clue to the mystery, and I believe, could you repeat the action of

your dream, and open the secret panel, you might remove for ever the legacy of one woman's reckless folly. Only if it is to be done at all, it must be soon, before the impression has had time to fade."

"It shall be done now," she answered; "I am quite myself again. Feel my pulse; my nerves are perfectly steady."

Mr. Arthur broke out into angry protestations. She had gone through more than enough for one night, he said, and he wouldn't have her health sacrificed to Maxwell's whims.

I have always thought Miss Erristoun handsome, but never, not even on her wedding-day, did she look so beautiful as then when she stood up in her heavy white wrapper, with all her splendid hair loose on her shoulders.

"Listen," she said; "if God gives us a plain work to do, we must do it at any cost. Last night I didn't believe in anything I could not understand. I was so full of pride in my own courage and common-sense, that I wasn't afraid to sleep in that room and prove the ghost was all superstitious nonsense. I have learned there are forces of which I know nothing, and against which my strength was utter weakness. God took care of me, and sent help in time; and if He has opened a way by which I may save other women from the danger I escaped, I should be worse than ungrateful were I to shirk the task. Bring the lamp, Mr. Maxwell, and let us do what we can." Then she put both hands on Mr. Arthur's shoulders. "Why are you troubled?" she said sweetly. "You will be with me, and how can I be afraid?"

It never strikes me as strange now that burglaries and things can go on in a big house at night, and not a soul one whit the wiser. There were five

people sleeping in the rooms on that corridor while we tramped up and down without disturbing one of them. Not but what we went as quietly as we could, for Mr. Maxwell made it clear that the less was known about the actual facts, the better. He went first, carrying the lamp, and we followed. Miss Erristoun shivered as her eyes fell on the bed, across which that dreadful crease showed plain, and I knew she was thinking of what might have been, had help not been at hand.

Just for a minute she faltered, then she went bravely on, and began feeling over the carved woodwork for the spring of the secret panel. Mr. Maxwell held the lamp close, but there was nothing to show any difference between that bit of carving and the other three posts. For full ten minutes she tried, and so did the gentlemen, and it seemed as though the dream would turn out a delusion after all, when all at once Miss Erristoun cried, "I have found it," and with a little jerk, the square of wood fell forward, and there was the cupboard just as she had described it to us.

It was Mr. Maxwell who took out the things, for Mr. Arthur wouldn't let Miss Erristoun touch them. There were a roll of papers and a little silver box. At the sight of the box she gave a sort of cry; "That is it," she said, and covered her face with her hands.

Mr. Maxwell lifted the lid, and emptied out two or three pastilles. Then he unfolded the papers, and before he had fairly glanced at the sheet of parchment covered with queer black characters, he cried, "I knew it, I knew it! It is the missing leaf." He seemed quite wild with excitement. "Come along," he said. "Bring the light, Mertoun; I always said it was no ghost, and now the whole thing is as clear as day-

light. You see," he went on, as we gathered round the table in the boudoir, "so much depended on there being an heir. That was the chief cause of the endless quarrels between old Lord Mertoun and Barbara. He had never approved of the marriage, and was for ever reproaching the poor woman with having failed in the first duty of an only son's wife. His will shows that he did not leave her a farthing in event of her husband dying without issue. Then the feud with the Protestant branch of the family was very bitter, and the Sir Archibald of that day had three boys, he having married (about the same time as his cousin) Lady Mary Sarum, who had been Barbara's rival at Court and whom Barbara very naturally hated. So when the doctors pronounced Dennis Mertoun to be dying of consumption, his wife got desperate, and had recourse to black magic. It is well known that the old man's collection of works on Demonology was the most complete in Europe. Lady Barbara must have had access to the books, and it was she who cut out this leaf. Probably Lord Mertoun discovered the theft and drew his own conclusions. That would account for his refusal to admit her body to the family vault. The Mertouns were staunch Romanists, and it is one of the deadly sins, you know, meddling with sorcery. Well, Barbara contrived to procure the pastilles, and she worked out the spell according to the directions given here, and then,—Good God! Mertoun, what have you done?"

For before any one could interfere to check him, Mr. Arthur had swept papers, box, pastilles, and all off the table and flung them into the fire. The thick parchment curled and shrivelled on the hot coals, and a queer, faint smell like incense spread heavily through the room. Mr.

Arthur stepped to the window and threw the casement wide open. Day was breaking, and a sweet fresh wind swept in from the east which was all rosy with the glow of the rising sun.

"It is a nasty story," he said; "and if there be any truth in it, for the credit of the family and the name of a dead woman, let it rest for ever. We will keep our own counsel about to-night's work. It is enough for others to know that the spell of the Blue Room is broken, since a brave, pure-minded girl has dared to face its unknown mystery and has laid the ghost."

Mr. Calder-Maxwell considered a

moment. "I believe you are right," he said, presently, with an air of resignation. "I agree to your proposition, and I surrender my chance of world-wide celebrity among the votaries of Psychical Research; but I *do* wish, Mertoun, you would call things by their proper names. It was *not* a ghost. It was an——"

But as I said, all I can remember now of the word he used is, that it somehow put me in mind of poultry-rearing.

NOTE.—The reader will observe that the worthy Mrs. Marris, though no student of Sprenger, unconsciously discerned the root-affinity of the *incubator* of the hen-yard and the *incubus* of the *MALLEUS MALEFICARUM*.

t,"
of
ro-
nce
the
t I
call
It
ber
it
ry-

the
of
oot-
and
um.